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**MOTOR UNION INSURANCE COMPANY LTD**

10, ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, S.W.1



APR 28 1949

DETROIT

PERIODICAL

**PUNCH**For conditions of sale and supply of Punch  
see bottom of last page of textBY APPOINTMENT  
TYPEWRITER  
MANUFACTURERS TO THE  
LATE KING GEORGE V**Imperial Typewriters**MADE IN  
GREAT BRITAIN

Imperial Typewriter Co. Ltd., Leicester

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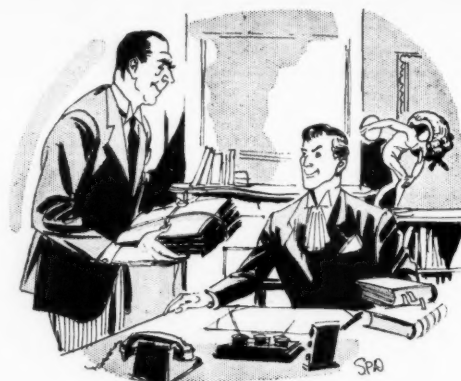


Issued by the Cake and Biscuit Manufacturers War Time Alliance to remind you that although biscuits are still scarce, they remain the most compact energy food.

CVS-207

**"Nicholson Gin  
is too good to drown"**

Ask for Nicholson by name and enjoy the true flavour of  
the finest London Gin



### FIAT JUSTITIA

"We are in the Appeal Court tomorrow, Sir."

"We are, Acton. In front of an uncommonly searching lot of Lordships."

"But we are dining with Sir Gregory this evening."

"True. His hospitality is alarmingly Georgian."

"Then, Sir, that our intel-

lect may not be clouded by any possible morning after may I suggest we remember 'the wise man's nightcap' — Rose's Lime Juice."

"I concur, Acton. What a far-sighted clerk you are. Now pass me the gin and Rose's from behind 'Widgery on Torts'. I must prepare to save our client from seven years' seclusion."

**ROSE'S** — for Gin and Lime



Mum says that  
Weetabix is the  
best start to  
a busy day!

Best — because appetites never need coaxing with Weetabix. Best — because with easy-to-serve Weetabix, meals are never missed for lack of time. Best — because Weetabix is brimful of the goodness of sun-ripened wheat, Nature's own food for your fitness, health, and strength.

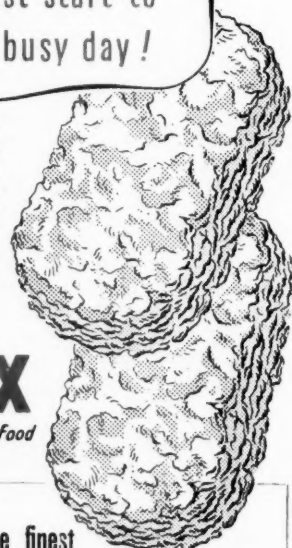
**Weetabix**

MORE than a Breakfast Food

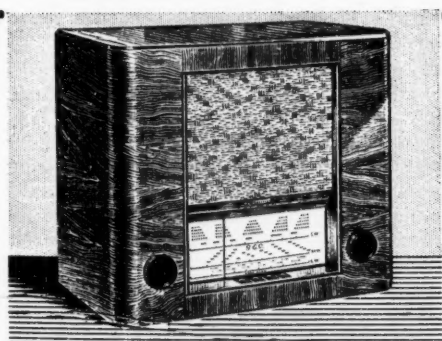
8½d. & 1/3 PER PACKET



Only the finest  
selected wheat — malted, salted,  
and toasted, goes into WEETABIX



## BATTERY radio with 'MAINS' performance!



£29.7.8 including purchase tax. Batteries extra.

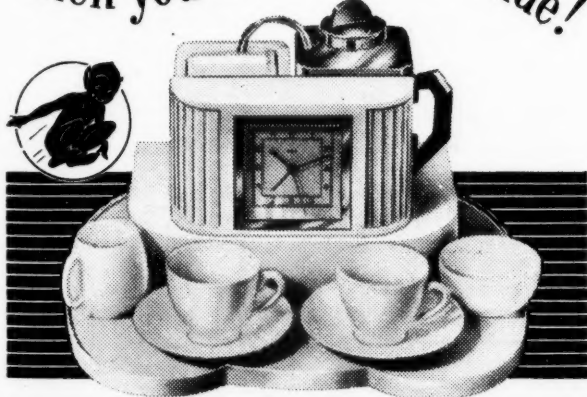
That's the B.C.4956, the most outstanding 5-valve, all-wave battery superhet of its kind, with a tastefully designed walnut-veneered cabinet. Tone control, flywheel tuning, etc. Sensitive, powerful, pure in tone, free from 'background,' yet so economical on the batteries! Ask your dealer.

# G.E.C.

THE SUPERB BATTERY TABLE MODEL WITH ALL THE PERFORMANCE OF A MAINS SET

THE GENERAL ELECTRIC CO. LTD., MAGNET HOUSE, KINGSWAY, LONDON, WC2

## When you awake - Tea's made!



What bliss to wake in a softly lighted room with a fresh-made pot of tea at your bedside—ready to be poured out and enjoyed before you get up! Goblin "TEASMADE" brings this added luxury to the home. Electrically operated, it comprises automatic kettle, teapot, alarm clock and lighting panels, and can be "set" for any required time in a few moments. A really useful possession in any household, it makes an original and appreciated gift. From Large Stores and Electrical Dealers. (Crockery not supplied.) £12.5.0 plus P.T. £3.1.3

# GOBLIN

## Teasmade

MADE BY THE BRITISH VACUUM CLEANER & ENGINEERING CO., LTD., Dept. P.U., Goblin Works, Leatherhead, Surrey.

## STORY WITH A MORAL No. 1

# Lo, the happy halibut!



A fish out of water is — well, a fish out of water. Which is exactly where a fish likes being least.

The next best place for a fish is inside a nice, cool Frigidaire where the temperature stays put regardless of the weather.

Even a fish must admit that this is a more dignified end than bobbing aimlessly about in a shallow pan

of water like a derelict ship in the Sargasso Sea.

MORAL: Look for the sign of a Frigidaire installation next time you buy fish, fowl, fruit, meat, vegetables, milk or other perishable foods. Refrigeration at its finest keeps food at its freshest.

SOON the day will come when everyone can have a Frigidaire for domestic use. In the meantime, shop where food is Frigidaire-fresh!

You're twice as sure with two great names



# FRIGIDAIRE

MADE ONLY BY GENERAL MOTORS

"I'm the 'Prestige' pressure cooker. I cook quickly (potatoes in 8 minutes, for example). I cook cheaply because I use so little fuel. And I cook well, for I preserve in the food all its natural goodness. You'll find me in the shops now— Ask for a demonstration,

Hostess Model (illus.) complete with table serving cover £72/6 Exempt from Purchase Tax.

Cook's Model with saucepan type handle but without table serving cover £69/6 Exempt from Purchase Tax.



save 75% time, 75% fuel—and all the flavour

Made in England by

PLATERS & STAMPERS LTD., 14/18 HOLBORN, LONDON, E.C.1



# ROSS'S

BELFAST

GINGER ALE  
SODA WATER  
TONIC WATER

LIME JUICE CORDIAL  
LEMONADE  
GRAPE FRUIT

Back for old friends abroad—but very scarce at home



DRY FLY SHERRY is now available in larger quantity. A glass of this lovely sherry is a gracious welcome to your guests. From your own wine merchant or direct from:—

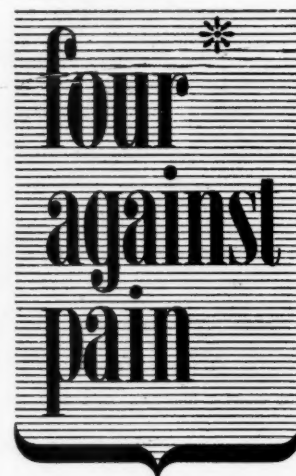
FINDLATER MACKIE TODD & Co. Ltd.  
Wigmore Street, London, W.1.

New York Agents:  
Greig, Lawrence & Hoyt, Ltd.



RECIPE FOR PEACE . . . You may smoke because you have nothing better to do—in which case it doesn't matter what you smoke. But if you would break a habit and acquire a taste you will seek the complete satisfaction that belongs only to the finest Turkish leaf . . . You begin by choosing Turkish for the special occasion; you continue to smoke less because you enjoy more; you end in the devoted company of the discreet few to whom a cigarette is meaningless unless it is surnamed

**Balkan Sobranie**



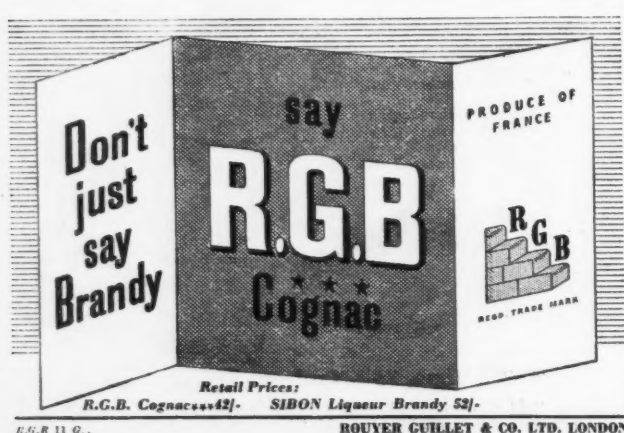
MODERN medical science has proved that for real relief from pain, what is needed is not one remedial agent, but a combination of *four*. \* These four agents—acetyl-salicylic acid, phenacetin and codeine (which are sedatives) and caffeine (which is a stimulant) combined together, act synergistically in 'Cogene'. That is why 'Cogene' is so effective for quick and satisfying relief of headaches, rheumatic pains, toothaches, backache, neuralgia, and for help against colds. Non-habit forming. No harmful after-effects. 1/3 from all chemists.

**'COGENE'**

Regd. Brand Tablets

the perfect modern formula  
for the 4-way relief of pain

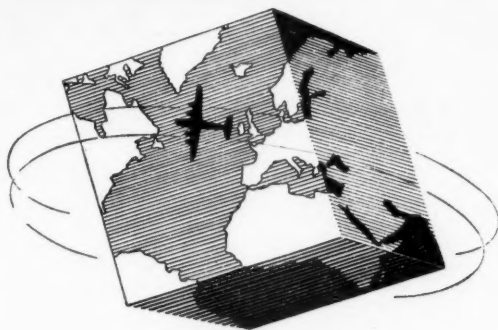
A 'GENATOSAN' PRODUCT





NEW YORK STOCKHOLM OSLO NICE CAIRO AMSTERDAM FRANKFURT

## TO THE FOUR CORNERS



OF THE WORLD

by **SAS**

Not geographically correct—but at least true in fact. **SAS** luxury 4-engined Airliners are to be seen at the principal Airports of the World.

Enjoy typical Scandinavian food and hospitality by flying **SAS** wherever your destination.

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ISTANBUL MADRID WARSAW ZURICH GANDER GENEVA GLASGOW

MONTVIDEO HELSINKI PARIS HAMBURG BUENOS AIRES COPENHAGEN DAKAR DAMASCUS



## YOUR MOVE

Some chess players squirm, some rock about, some tie their legs in knots. It's tough on furniture. Give them Sebel steel Stak-a-Bye chairs. So strong yet so comfortable and attractive — there are fourteen two-colour combinations to choose from. When not in use these chairs can be stacked away neatly — up to thirty to a man-high pile on the floor space of one chair. The all-steel Stak-a-Bye table is just as practical. Cost? Surprisingly low. Judge for yourself from our leaflet N1.

Your move, Sir.

Sebel chairs and tables are among the products of our parent Company, D. Sebel & Co. Ltd., covered by granted and pending world patents, registered designs and registered trade marks.

Purchase Tax now reduced from 66½% to 33½%.

# sebel

STEEL CHAIRS AND TABLES

Trade Enquiries Welcomed.

SEBEL PRODUCTS LTD.

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LC/C 4

## Quality plus Economy

Forged from the finest sword steel, Wilkinson self-stropping, hollow-ground blades will not only give you the smoothest, cleanest shave you've ever had but they will also last you longer, thus proving the most economical in the long run. That's why a Wilkinson Razor Set is your wisest investment.



**TOM BEASLEY  
SWORDSMITH**



The Wilkinson Safety Razor 7-day Set. 60/-, inc. Pur. Tax. (Including Wilkinson self-stropping, hollow-ground blades.) Other sets at 21/- and 30/-.

# Wilkinson Razor

Est. 1772



The Wilkinson Sword Co. Ltd., Acton, London, W.4  
Safety Razors . Pruning Shears . Fencing Equipment . Ice Skates

## FOR ALL-DAY SMARTNESS

Well  
groomed men  
tie up  
to



# "Trubenised"

REGISTERED TRADE MARK

## COLLARS

A "Trubenised" brand collar gives all the comfort of a soft collar yet retains its morning crispness to the end of the busiest day.

The Registered Trade Mark "Trubenised" distinguishes a brand of fused semi-stiff wearing apparel made and processed under agreement with the proprietors—

TRUBENISED LTD · 17/18 OLD BOND ST · LONDON · W1

TBW

**A FAMILY MEAL**  
cooked in **MINUTES**  
saving **FOOD** and **FUEL**



IT ROASTS, BAKES,  
STEAMS, STEWS,  
FRIES or BRAISES

WITH  
THE  
**Easiwork**  
**HEALTH COOKER**

The Easiwork Health Cooker—the Family Size Pressure Cooker—not only saves hours of time and up to 75% fuel but, as users report, improves the health of the whole family. Moreover, it saves sugar when preserving and is ideal for bottling fruit or vegetables. You can use it anywhere—over gas, electricity, coal, oil or spirit stove.

See it demonstrated at 3 p.m. Mon. to Fri., or send coupon to same address for free Booklet describing the wonderful Easiwork Health Cooker.

**—POST COUPON TODAY!—**

(In 1d. stamped unsealed envelope)

To: **EASIWORX LTD.**  
242 Tottenham Court Road, W.1.

Please send me Free Booklet describing the Easiwork Health Cooker.

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Address .....

P.2.

Block letters, please

**BLANKETS**  
buy you  
**FOOD!**



That pair of "MODERNA" Blankets you have waited for so long has gone overseas to buy you all these.

**your MEAT**

one Week's Ration for 2 years

**or SHELL-EGGS**

6 Shell-Eggs per week for a year

**or BUTTER**

$\frac{3}{4}$  lb. per week for a year

**or FLOUR**

4 lbs. of Flour every week for a year.

Our "inside needs" are more urgent than our "outside comforts"! So "MODERNA" Blankets, all pure lamb's wool in lovely pastel shades, are being sold abroad to pay for the food we need.

**MODERNA**  
**BLANKETS**

THOS. RATCLIFFE & CO. LTD.  
MYTHOLMROYD, YORKS.



Catching cold? None too bright?

**Alka Seltzer**



*Alka-Seltzer sets you right!...*

Sneezing? .. Aching? .. Shivering? .. Two Alka-Seltzer tablets in a glass of water (hot or cold) will soon relieve that feverish, ache-all-over feeling and make you feel better. Double-quick action—pain-relieving, alkalinizing. Millions sold yearly.



ALL THE WORLD OVER



Race Course,  
Buenos Aires.

Nothing is allowed to compromise the quality of anything marked Tootal. The same laboratory-testing, the same standards, the same conditions of the famous Tootal Guarantee, remain as before. Helping Britain's credit abroad

**TOOTAL**  
REGD.

FABRICS · HANDKERCHIEFS · TIES

**a job for JIFFY**

We're helping the Nation to economise when we make things new with Jiffy Dyes. 27 lovely colours to choose.

**Jiffy Dyes**



Made by the makers of DRUMMER DYES, WM. EDGE & SONS LTD. BOLTON



**"My meals do  
do me good!"**

Yeast releases energy from other foods! Three tablets of Yestamin Daily Yeast with every meal helps you to positive health. Yestamin Daily Yeast, a splendid combination of proteins and the B Vitamins, does not contain drugs

3 TABLETS—3 TIMES A DAY



Vitamin B<sub>1</sub>: 2.10 mgms per ac. — Riboflavin (B<sub>2</sub>): 1.45 mgms per ac. — Nicotin: 9.50 mgms per ac.

AT YOUR CHEMIST

100 TABLETS 1/6 • 300 TABLETS 4/-

**YESTAMIN**  
*Daily Yeast*

THE ENGLISH GRAINS CO. LTD., BURTON-ON-TRENT

**DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES**

Not subsidised—Not nationalised  
—still dependent on public support.

Bringing up 7,000 children calls for a deep purse. Your practical sympathy is asked for this Christian work.

**10/-**

will buy one child's food for a week.

**LEGACIES**

are a great HELP.

Cheques, etc. (crossed), payable "Dr. Barnardo's Homes," addressed 4 Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.



**FLAG SAUCE**



*a bottle in the cupboard is a treat in store*



SPONTEX sponges are wonderfully soft, absorbent and resilient . . . stay fresh and save soap. They have a long life and may be cleaned by boiling. SPONTEX Sponges contain no rubber — ask for them by name.

NOW IN FOUR DELIGHTFUL COLOURS **2'9** AND **3'8**



MADE IN G.T. BRITAIN BY SPONCEL LTD.



Here is your  
**Fortune**  
my pretty maid!



*Fortune*

Chocolates by Caley of Norwich

## Accent on Ankles

How momentous have become

those six or eight inches of

stocking, they can age the 'new

look' or they can arouse ad-

miration. They will certainly

give you added pleasure if

they are "Tudorose" — the

loveliest of lovely sheer hose.



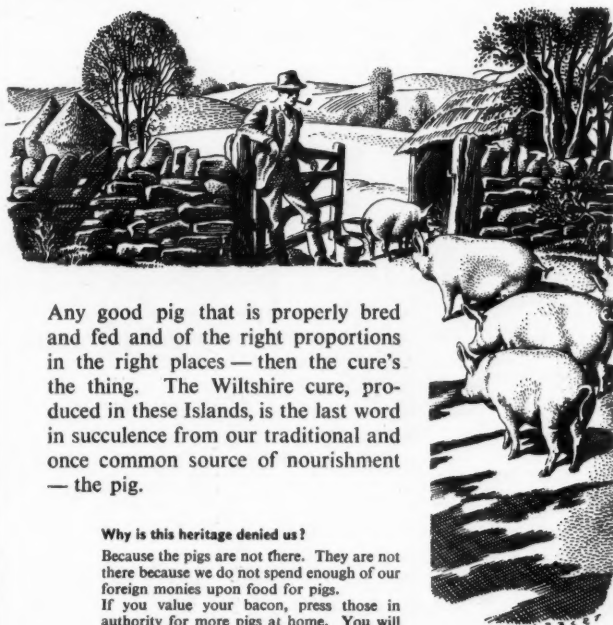
# TUDOROSE

FULLY FASHIONED STOCKINGS

*in pure silk, rayon and nylon.*



## What sort of pig makes "Wiltshire Bacon"?



Any good pig that is properly bred and fed and of the right proportions in the right places — then the cure's the thing. The Wiltshire cure, produced in these Islands, is the last word in succulence from our traditional and once common source of nourishment — the pig.

Why is this heritage denied us?

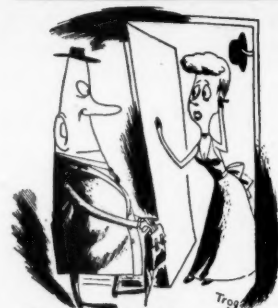
Because the pigs are not there. They are not there because we do not spend enough of our foreign monies upon food for pigs.

If you value your bacon, press those in authority for more pigs at home. You will be asking for the common man's favourite food.

**HARRIS** FAMOUS FOR BACON SINCE 1770



JAMAICA JO'S MORNING MAIL...No. 1

**Harassed Girl writes:**

"I am having trouble with my Uncle Cedric who comes to my parties and acts sad and morose. This dejects the other guests. Must I stop throwing parties, or start throwing my Uncle Cedric out of the window? I live on the fourteenth floor."

**Jamaica Jo says:**

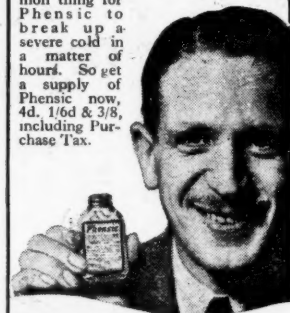
Dear Harassed Girl,  
The solution is simple. All you have to do is to serve Jamaica Sizzles at your parties. Recipe: A tot of Jamaica Rum, a dash of bitters, a measure of lime juice cordial (or lemon) and ice. If fresh lemon is used, put in sugar or syrup. Sizzle till container frosts. Strain, serve—and sip, sip, hooray! There never was an uncle yet who could resist it.

**FREE** Send for 'Jamaica Jo's RUM RECIPES' to: Sugar Manufacturers' Association (of Jamaica) Ltd., (Dept. P.U.A.), 40 Norfolk Street, W.C.2.



## If you've caught a Cold

You can help yourself most effectively by taking Phensic—if you've caught a cold or chill. Because Phensic Tablets rapidly disintegrate they are promptly absorbed—thus the beneficial effect is felt very quickly. Symptoms such as a stuffy nose, running eyes, shivering, a heavy head are greatly relieved—and it is no uncommon thing for Phensic to break up a severe cold in a matter of hours. So get a supply of Phensic now, 4d. 1/6d & 3/8, including Purchase Tax.



## Phensic

The grand tonic  
pain-relieving tablet!

## ATMOSPHERE...



The special atmosphere of Warnes is nowhere more strongly felt than in the delightful lounges, where a combination of warmth, harmony and really inviting chairs provides an ideal background for real relaxation.

**EASY ACCESS.** Guests bound for Warnes will find an excellent train service to Worthing. Frequent trains leave Victoria and London Bridge on the 1½ hour run, and many have comfortable Pullman coaches.

## WARNES OF WORTHING

Telephone:

Worthing 2222

VALSTAR LTD., Salford 6, Lancs  
ALSO AT  
314, Regent Street, London, W.1.

IF IT'S A **Radiac**  
SHIRT



**YOU ARE  
A LUCKY  
CHAP!**

... If you've succeeded in finding a Radiac shirt you have something to be proud of—and you've made a good investment. Unfortunately they're still in short supply, because, among other reasons they've won such a reputation abroad.

MCINTYRE, HOGG, MARSH & CO. LTD.  
Shirt Manufacturers for 105 years.

## FOREmost for golf



Firm-standing with its turf-hugger studs, waterproof with its double upper, this fine example of Moccasin craftsmanship is the choice of the serious golfer and the countryman. Ask to see it at your Moccasin shop; if not in stock, it can quickly be procured for you.

## moccasin veldtschoen

for Golf or the Country

MOCCASIN SHOEMAKERS • NORTHAMPTON



*National Benzole makes good petrol better!*



Mr. Mercury says —

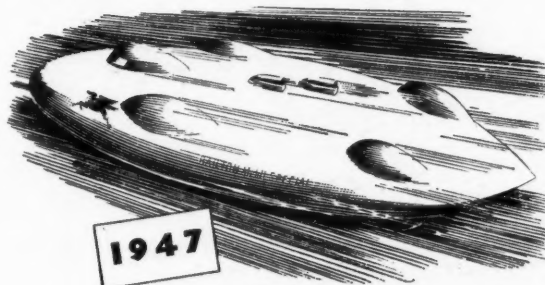
*Better for Startability*

Issued by NATIONAL BENZOLE COMPANY LIMITED  
WELLINGTON HOUSE, BUCKINGHAM GATE, LONDON, S.W.1  
Proprietors of National Benzole Mixture



## SCRAPBOOK FOR MOTORISTS

by **K.L.G.**



1947

After 6 years of war service K.L.G. Plugs were ready once more for record breaking and John Cobb set out to raise his own 1939 record figure. The car which he transported to Bonneville Salt Flats was very different from the one in which Kenelm Lee Guinness first used K.L.G. Plugs for a world speed record in 1922. Streamlined and of 2,000 H.P., Cobb's Railton Mobil Special pushed the record up to 394.2 m.p.h. and became the first car to travel at over 400 m.p.h. After this magnificent effort John Cobb cabled: "The Plugs behaved splendidly — as always".

EXPERIENCE — that's what makes

# K.L.G.

PLUGS—too good to miss!



K.L.G. SPARKING PLUGS LTD., AN ASSOCIATED COMPANY OF  
SMITHS MOTOR ACCESSORIES LTD., CRICKLEWOOD, LONDON, N.W.2  
THE MOTOR ACCESSORY DIVISION OF S. SMITH & SONS (ENGLAND) LTD.



THE NEW NORTH BRITISH TYRE bites wide and clean through the treacherous surfaces of winter roads. For maximum trouble-free mileage, fit North British Inner Tubes—dependable for thousands of extra miles of safe driving



Reliable

**NORTH  
BRITISH**

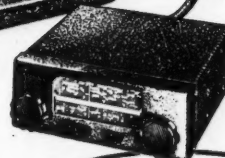
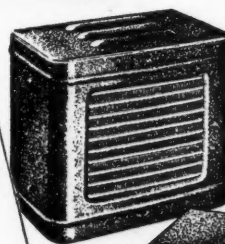
**TYRES & TUBES**

THE NORTH BRITISH RUBBER CO. LTD., EDINBURGH, LONDON & BRANCHES

Also Manufacturers of Golf Balls and Golfing Accessories, Rubber Footwear Sports Shoes, Hot Water Bottles, Flooring and Hose.

**ROMAC**

Here is Car Radio with the high quality performance of a de-luxe fireside set. Write for descriptive folder to Romac Industries Ltd., The Hyde, Hendon, London, N.W.9.



*"Mellow Truth"*  
**CAR RADIO**

"Mellow Truth" Car Radio De Luxe. 6 valves. 6" diameter speaker.

★







# PUNCH

OR

THE LONDON CHARIVARI



Vol. CCXVI No. 5644

February 9 1949

## Charivaria

THE Ministry of Transport has announced that there is to be a "Pedestrian Crossing Week" in April. We are hoping ourselves to get across before that.

Motorists fear that if the petrol ration isn't halved soon it will be too late for the cut to be restored in time to maintain the present *status quo* for the summer.

A new device enables a gramophone record to be played over and over again without attention. It is feared this may encourage absenteeism among radio announcers.

A trade journal reminds us that television is still in the experimental stage. Birds, it may have been noticed, still have some difficulty in landing on the aerial.



"The fruits of White House zig-zags of policy now reach a pinnacle," he said.

*"The Scotsman."*

Time they rested on their oars.

A man stated in court that a pawnbroker lent him two pounds more on his radio set than he had paid for it. It is wonderful what you can get on the wireless nowadays.

An observer professes to detect signs of fatigue among the members of the Coal Board. They can't be getting slack, surely?

A soldier recently returned from Malaya declares that genuine art curios are difficult to obtain in the East nowadays. Never mind. He can go and look at the Chantrey Bequest.



There is some delay before wigs can be obtained by the general public under the National Health Scheme. This is due, we understand, to the rush of impecunious barristers.

To combat criticism of Public Relations Officers we understand they contemplate appointing a P.R.O. of their own.

### Masterpieces of Understatement

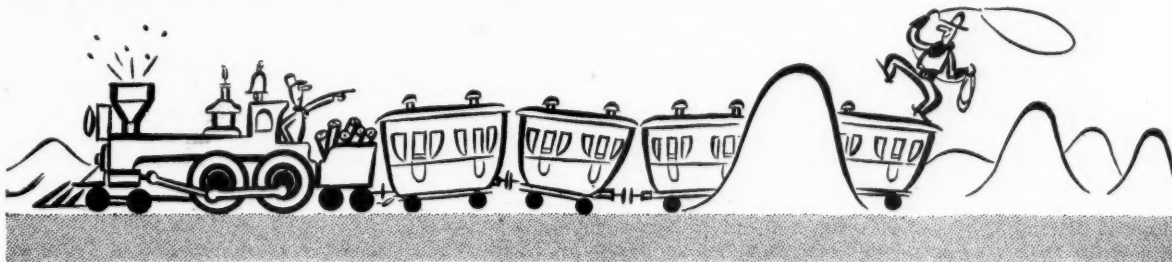
"When P.C. Watkin was asked by the chairman (Mr. F. J. Gardner) if the bull showed vice the constable replied, 'I was on a bicycle, sir. He came towards me and I went away from him. I don't like them.'"—*"Northampton Mercury and Herald."*

A housewife complains that some coal she purchased was so poor in quality that it wouldn't even explode.

"Hats will have brims, crowns will be small, but 'lopsided.'"  
*Birmingham evening paper.*

Rooks will be big, black and trimmed with feathers.

A writer recalls that when railways first appeared in Western America cowboys would sit on the carriage roofs and pepper the engine smoke-stack with pistol shots. It must be remembered that in those days there was no communication-cord.



## Put Off

A LITTLE bird whose solemn word I do not mind repeating  
Has told me the agenda for that all-important meeting

Which Mr. Stalin tried to fix last week with Mr. Truman.  
It was vital and arresting. It was very nearly human.

"We need not beat about the bush: the world is now a babel.  
We ought to shed," the Kremlin said, "our cards upon the table;

When two strong men take up the pen and brother talks to brother,

Why, one can hold one half the world, the other pinch the other.

We think the Rhine could well be made our European border  
And stabilize a new and wise and non-disputed order;  
And if you need a further pledge to guard our good behaviour

Take Italy and France and Spain and we'll have Scandinavia.

We won't discuss the sort of fuss that comes from minor nations

That have no atom bomb to dominate their frontier stations.  
Great Britain can be left to die in bourgeois euthanasia,  
But certain problems must arise in areas such as Asia.

The restive parts disturb our hearts, and while we can but wonder

If any armies save our own may hope to keep them under,

Japan can be entirely yours, like Northern Carolina,  
If we can rule the rest of it—from Tel-Aviv to China.

In Africa we only want the north and north-west portion,  
To seize the whole of it, we feel, would savour of extortion;  
So when we have the crocodile and you've secured the eland

We'll toss a coin for who shall take Australia and New Zealand.

We shall not cease to work for peace on lines that we have mentioned,

Which surely ought to prove to all our plans are well-intentioned.

We have no feud with any land outside the Soviet orbit  
(However wrong) that seems too strong for Russia to absorb it."

Well, that was the agenda for the all-important meeting  
Which was kyboshed on account of Mr. Truman not competing.

And I hear that his reception was inordinately chilly,  
Which I regard as sensible, but Stalin thought was silly.

EVOE.

## Amos Revisited

VI

"IT always astonishes me," said Amos, "to see how constantly the opponents of gambling bring forward the argument that it's a mug's game, as if that settled its hash, as if once you were convinced of that you'd never gamble again. Why can't they see that it if weren't a mug's game there wouldn't be any point in it at all? If it's a sensible and profitable thing to do, damn it all, one might as well work."

\* \* \* \* \*

"But, of course," he added shortly after this, "I dare say they'd feel they were on firm ground considering the popular attitude to cleverness. How would you describe me?" he barked suddenly at a quiet little man who seldom says a word.

The little man was embarrassed. "Er—" he said. "Well—"

"Suppose," said Amos, putting on an air of hearty good nature, "you had to choose between the epithets *clever* and *kind*. Which would you apply to me?"

"Er—," said the little man, even more embarrassed.

"If I weren't there?" said Amos, helpfully, beaming.

"Er—" said the other for the third time. He looked at the rest of us and determined to plunge. "Well," he said at last, boldly, "I wouldn't exactly say you were *kind*."

Amos was pleased. "Precisely," he said, slapping the table. "Indirectly, that shows what I mean. It's a fact that all of you," he stared at us in turn, "would infinitely rather feel that other people thought you clever than that

they thought you kind but not very bright. But, on the other hand, how do you react to hearing someone else described as clever? Doesn't give the idea of a pleasant character, does it? You don't like cleverness in others, do you? You'd feel much friendlier towards someone who was presented to you as kind but not very bright, wouldn't you?"

While we were still examining our emotions he summed up: "There you are, then. The opponents of gambling say it's a mug's game in the hope that you will go to the length of giving it up in order to feel clever. They forget that you may be led by your subconscious feelings to prefer the side of the feckless, pleasant, friendly, essentially likeable mugs."

\* \* \* \* \*

There had been a long silence one evening—only a few of us were there, for it was foggy—when Amos suddenly came out with the observation "You must remember, of course, that in the *best circles*—and, indeed, in any circles—there are an infinite number of diameters."

Nobody had mentioned the best circles, or any circles; but he spoke as if he were making a very profound remark.

All was quiet. The only barmaid on duty was in the distance polishing a mirror, the pub cat sat staring at the gas-fire. No doubt feeling he had nothing to lose, the man sitting next to Amos at last ventured "What does that prove?"

Looking disappointed, Amos said "Oh. I hoped you



### BULLY BOTTOM

"I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove."





"You know, Butch, if you'd taken up art, you might have made a lot of money."

might think it proved something. I've been thinking about it since yesterday and I can't make it prove anything."

\* \* \* \* \*

Once when our circle was honoured by the presence of an advertising man, Amos taxed him with a problem which he said was fundamental in advertising: Is it really established that people will take notice of, and pay attention to, the apparent reliability of the person who tells them to do something?

The advertising man spoke for us all when he said cheerfully "What exactly do you mean by that?"

Amos said he was thinking of so much recent official and Government advertising, "which rests," he said, "it seems to me, on the very questionable assumption that the average reader will make the enormous effort of taking the second step in an argument. All over the place you see posters or advertisements illustrating some small humorous character in the act of doing or telling other people to do the wrong thing. 'Go on—chance it!' or 'Stow it away, stow it away!' and so on. The whole efficacy of the advertisement depends on people's reflecting that *because* the personage speaking—the Traffic Jimp, or the Magpie hoarding scrap, or the dear old Squander Bug, or whatever

—is not an officially recognized oracle, or looks a bit funny, or something, *therefore* they should do the opposite of what it is telling them to do. Now tell me candidly—as an experienced advertising man, do you think so highly of the general public's intelligence and power of concentration that you believe that's what they *will* reflect? Don't a lot of you believe they'll jump to any kind of order without worrying who gives it?"

With a stern and solemn air the advertising man said "I yield to no one in my admiration for the general public's intelligence!"

Amos asked earnestly "What exact effect would you count on making with an advertisement that illustrated that statement coming from the mouth of a personage labelled 'Advertising Man'?"

\* \* \* \* \*

"When the bloodstained ape came in and dropped the pearl necklace," said Amos briskly as he entered one evening—"Am I boring you?"

We said No, no.

He said "Good," had a quick drink, and went out again. I have mentioned before his devotion to the momentary effect.

R. M.

## Some Sort of Bug

ON an October day some seven or eight years ago, on October 22nd 1941 to be precise, I quoted some words from an American advertisement for shaving-soap. "Modern life," the passage read, "now demands at least one man in seven shave *every day*." I saw fit, for I was younger in those days, to make play with this statement, drawing from it what I called the "appalling conclusion" that out of a total male population of shaving age in the U.S.A. of about forty-two millions, upwards of thirty-five millions had stubbly chins at least every other day. "A strange picture this," I went on, "of the land of smooth clothes and shining cars, peopled by a half-savage race peering out furtively from behind a thicket of tangled whiskers."

This is as good an example as you could wish to find of the Englishman's unquestioning conviction that what he thinks and does is right and normal, and that any departure from his own standards is *ipso facto* regrettable or ludicrous or both. It honestly did not cross my mind that it is *our* habit, here in this little island, of shaving regularly every morning that is eccentric and laughable. But so it is. On the Continent the thing is a standing joke. In America, on the evidence of this advertisement alone, it can be hardly less so. About the Far East and Asia generally, I have no information, but it is not difficult, once the germ of the idea has been sown in one's mind, to picture Arab and Turk, Afghan and Kurd chuckling happily together at the thought of this ridiculous English passion for the razor.

Dr. Paolo Treves, an Italian who spent the war years in this country, notes\* this peculiarity of ours a trifle apologetically, as one knowingly flogging a dead horse. "A great deal is talked about the Englishman's obsession for shaving," he remarks, "and it is easy enough to be ironical about it." "For this, too" (he says a little earlier), "you have noticed with amazement; that throughout the course of the day you have seen no one with a beard of even twenty-four hours' growth." That is perhaps an overstatement; we have bearded men even here. But as a generalization the statement will pass. And when I read of this friendly Italian's frank astonishment, I blush to contemplate the possibility—and it is a possibility, for Dr. Treves was here in October 1941—that he may have read that old article of mine. How he must have laughed, not by any means at my own foolish attempt to be ironical at the expense of the American advertisement, but at the calm unconscious assumption, the utterly insular assurance, that of *course* all reasonable men shave every day.

Dr. Treves, in his careful, charitable, amusing and yet earnest notes on the beliefs and behaviour of the English, is at pains not only to remark such obvious characteristics as our orderliness, our defensive reserve, our superiority, our conservatism and lack of imagination, but to try to find reasons for these peculiarities. He even does his best to rationalize this shaving business by equating it with a respect for the dignity of human life.

The trouble with Dr. Treves is that he likes us, and so is led to find excuses for our abnormality. He wants his fellow-countrymen, for whom his book was written in the first place, to understand what we are like and why, and he wants us to lay aside our insularity and exclusiveness and come over to the Continent as friends to help build up a new Europe. Circumstances of course compelled him to stay with us for years, so he could hardly help, in his own interests, searching for a brighter inside to our repellent exteriors.

Mr. Edmund Wilson, an American, made no such mistake.

\* In *England, The Mysterious Island* (Gollancz, 9/6).

A month or two in the spring and summer of 1945 was all he needed to sum us up. And how skilfully he does it.† The passion for social privilege, the rapacious appetite for property, the egoism that damns one's neighbour, the dependence on inherited advantages, the mock consideration, the good breeding that exhibits itself by snubbing and scoring off other people, the bitter criticism of practically everything connected with America, the principle that you should never do anything for anyone without indicating a slight hostility—here is a portrait of himself that no Englishman will fail to recognize. Mr. Wilson, with perhaps unnecessary scrupulousness, does not leave his charges hanging in the air; he gives chapter and verse. He cites *Vanity Fair* and *Bleak House*, besides *The Wings of a Dove*, quotes with telling effect from *Alice in Wonderland*, and instances the damnable case of "an Englishman" who had been in the United States and pretended to think that Vermont was a town in Florida and that it was pronounced as if it had the same root as "vermiform". The name of this insolent swine is, with possibly mistaken kindness, suppressed, but a little later Mr. Wilson is goaded by a further attack on his country into identification of the aggressor. "I did not actually talk with people who believed—though I heard that the legend was current—that the long legs of American women were due to the prevalence of Negro blood; but I met several well-educated persons who had ideas that were almost as fantastic. George Orwell, for example, had the notion that the language was being impoverished in America; that we had, for example, few separate names for the different kinds of insects, but called everything 'some sort of bug'."

Small wonder that Mr. Wilson packed up before long and went to Rome to call on George Santayana, surely the last man, despite the similarity of Christian names, to make so intemperate a remark. Mr. Wilson "started to speak of the exacerbated antagonism of the English towards the Americans," but was stopped by the philosopher, who told him of his own experiences over here. "He had himself lived in England and he liked the English... But eventually, as usually happens, he had, I gathered, been rebuffed or frozen. He had delivered, he said, two public lectures. At the first one... the people had responded... But at the second one certain things had happened—he touched on them rather gently; something about the bad lighting and the way he had been introduced—and he had known, when he sailed for the continent, that he would never go to England again."

Mr. Wilson is too much concerned with the maintenance of friendly Anglo-American relations to dwell on this occurrence. But perhaps, reading between the lines, one may guess that some such fatal mistake was made during his own visit—a 40-watt bulb insolently thrust into his reading-lamp by some hostess exhibiting good breeding in the English way, or an off-hand introduction—"I don't think you know Mr. Edmund Wilson," as if his name had the same root as "williwaw,"‡ and the thing was done. At any rate, it is clear from this book that when Mr. Wilson sailed from these shores he knew he would be back again, with another bundle of horse-whips, in July.

I have only one criticism of Mr. Wilson's book. He doesn't seem to have noticed the state of our chins. If he had he would have realized that we shave every day over here simply to make six out of every seven Americans feel at a disadvantage.

H. F. E.

† In *Europe Without Baedeker* (Secker & Warburg, 15/-).

‡ A sailor's name for a sudden violent squall.

## The Cosmic Mess

**F**EW of the electors have understood, till recently, how passionately Members of Parliament feel about animals. Of the twenty-three Bills presented by "Unofficial Members" (sometimes described as Private Members) on January 28th, 1949, eight were concerned with animals. Members of the Labour Party have introduced two:

*A Bill to prohibit the hunting and coursing of certain animals for purposes of sport.*

*A Bill to prohibit the hunting of foxes for purposes of sport.*

But Conservative Members have introduced six:

*A Bill to make it unlawful to have possession of any animal trained or prepared for use in fighting or baiting or of any instrument or appliance designed or adapted for use in connection with the fighting or baiting of any animal.*

*A Bill to regulate the sale of pet animals.*

*A Bill to amend certain provisions in the Coal Mines Act, 1911, relating to the care and protection of horses and other animals.*

*A Bill to restrict docking and nicking of horses and to prohibit the importation of horses with docked or nicked tails.*

*A Bill to extend the provisions of the Slaughter of Animals (Scotland) Act, 1928, to the slaughter of swine.*

*A Bill to amend the Exportation of Horses Act, 1937.*

And, of course, this column has forgotten to mention Mr. Haddock's *Cats and Mice (Regulation) Bill*, the terms of which we print below. It seems to follow closely certain trends of the time.

### CATS AND MICE (REGULATION) BILL A BILL For

The Prevention of Cruelty to Mice, and for other purposes.

WHEREAS much pain, suffering and fear are occasioned in the land by certain quadrupeds of the mammalian family *Felidae* which pursue and attack mice birds and other defenceless creatures, and having caught do not at once destroy the same but cruelly and of malice prolong their sufferings:

And whereas many citizens of the realm do breed harbour and comfort

such quadrupeds not only for the keeping down of mice but for selfish pleasure or private gain:

And whereas the milk and other foodstuffs applied to the comfort and nourishment of the said quadrupeds are at the present time rare and precious to the realm and there is no just proportion between the amount of the milk and foodstuffs so applied and the public benefit from time to time accruing from the activities of the said quadrupeds:

And whereas new and better methods for the regulation and extinction of mice and other pests are now known and available;

And it is expedient that the keeping of cats be regulated by law without prejudice to the keeping down of mice,

Be it therefore enacted by the King's most Excellent Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons, in this present Parliament assembled, and by the authority of the same as follows:—

*Regulation of Cats.* 1. (1) Save as hereinafter provided it shall not be lawful to harbour, house, feed, nourish, comfort or breed an animal of the mammalian family *Felidae*, hereinafter described as "cats."

(2) An offence under this Section shall be punishable upon indictment by imprisonment for a period not exceeding three months or a fine not exceeding £100 or both for every cat so bred and for every day that every cat is so harboured, housed, fed, nourished or comforted.

*Regulation of Mice.* 2. (1) For the purpose of preventing the multiplication of rodents of the genus *Mus*, hereinafter described as "mice," it shall be lawful for a County, County Borough, or Borough Council to breed, harbour and comfort cats at a Municipal Cat Centre to be provided and maintained by the Council:

Provided that in no case shall the cats so harboured and comforted exceed the proportion of one cat to one thousand householders.

(2) Any householder who has reasonable cause to complain of the presence of mice in excessive numbers upon his premises may apply in writing, under Regulations to be made by the Minister, for the use and service upon loan of a municipal cat or cats; and the Council, having regard to the circumstances of every case, shall issue upon loan such cat or cats as it may consider suitable and necessary for a period not

exceeding seven days, such period to be renewable upon due cause being shown; and the costs of upkeep of the said cat or cats shall be defrayed by the householder as if the charge were a charge levied under Section 245 of the Land Drainage Act 1904:

Provided that before such cat or cats be issued upon loan the Council shall in every case satisfy itself that no more humane and efficient method of mouse-elimination is in all the circumstances available.

*Elimination of Cats.* 3. (1) All cats alive upon the appointed day, saving only any cats designated by the Council for use and service under sub-section (2) of Section 2 of this Act shall be eliminated upon that day by any method which may be deemed by the owner or occupier of the cat the least objectionable to the cat concerned:

Provided that the Minister may make regulations prescribing or prohibiting any particular method of elimination whether generally or in any particular area.

(2) Any cat found alive in any street or public place after seven P.M. on the appointed day shall be taken in charge by a constable, and, unless designated for use and service under sub-section (2) of Section 2 of this Act within seven days from the appointed day, shall be eliminated under Regulations to be made by the Minister.

*Definitions.* 4. In this Act the following expressions have the meanings respectively assigned to them, that is to say:—

"The Minister" means the Minister of Health.

"The appointed day" means a day to be appointed by the Minister, not later than December 31st, 1949.

"Householder" includes the owner or occupier of any office, warehouse, wharf, farm-building, dairy, fire-station or vessel, but not a barge.

An "occupier" of a cat means a householder who, though not the owner of a cat to whom this Act applies, finds any such cat present upon his premises at seven P.M. on the appointed day.

"Mice" includes rats.

*Short Title and Extent.* 5. (1) This Act may be cited as the Cats and Mice (Regulation) Act, 1949.

(2) This Act shall apply to Northern Ireland. Why the hell not?

When the Bill is debated, this column will, of course, report the proceedings.

A. P. H.



"HE WON'T KEEP YOU A MINUTE."





"... containing pheno-barbitone tablets. Will the finder please take not more than two, in water, before retiring."

## I Get France.

LAST Saturday afternoon at about twenty minutes past four I got France on my television receiver. I can bring forward thirteen witnesses to prove it, though since their combined ages total no more than eighty-odd years I shall not adopt this course unless driven to it. I got France very clearly. The sound was high in its fidelity and the picture perfect in its definition. As founder and general secretary of the newly-formed Society of English Viewers of French Television I had better explain how it happened.

The party had reached a critical stage. Any reasonably experienced adult could feel it in the atmosphere and see it in the ring of bright, shining faces. At any moment the assembly would decide that it could relax, resort to its second-best behaviour and run as amok as possible. Tea was still half an hour away, and we were already running short of adhesive bandages. I had to act quickly.

I held up my arms.

"Listen, children," I said, "Uncle Bernard is going to let you see his magic picture box—that is, if you're all very good and promise to be quiet."

"He means television," said Timothy Woodruffe to his sister.

I glared at him and he glared back.

"Now, children," I said, "who'd like to see the magic picture box?"

There was a great scream of excitement. I wheeled in the "console" receiver, plugged in, drew the curtains and switched on.

Then I went cold with the sudden realization that the afternoon programme from Alexandra Palace had already ended. It was much too late to back out: a public apology now would have produced instant pandemonium. So I played for time and inspiration. It so happens that my set can be induced to render a surprisingly interesting performance even when no programme is being radiated. Careful manipulation of the controls will often produce brilliant prismatic or kaleidoscopic effects, and there is always the possibility of attractive interference from local gadgets and passing cars. I twiddled the knobs and hoped for a reasonable reception.

Then I got France. At first there was just the sound—a rapid cross-talk between two male voices. Then the screen shuddered slightly, as if shaking itself free of atmospherics, and immediately produced a fine, clear picture of two men seated in an office and holding eager conversation. They spoke French. Now French is a language that I profess to understand tolerably well. I can make out the names of scents or *parfums* without difficulty and without the aid of the translations that usually appear underneath in brackets—as, for instance:

MAIS OUI!

(Pronounced "May we"; means "But, yes!")

I can make fairly shrewd guesses at the meaning of a Soho menu and the multi-lingual directions on the lid of a compendium box of games. In fact I *know* French. But on this occasion I had no opportunity to exhibit my talent.

"What do they say?" said young Arncliffe.

"Who are they?" said Matilda Johnstone.

"Why they talk funny?" said Bobby Richmond.

"He says," I lied, "that once upon a time there were three little girls called Mabel, Monica and Marian, and one day they went for a walk in a big, big wood which was full of tall trees, and as they walked on and on and on they got very, very hungry, so Monica said . . ."

I didn't get very far with the story because the scene soon changed from the musty office to the open road where we saw thousands of French cyclists starting off through the rain on a race round the Continent. The children loved this and forgot all about Mabel and Monica and Marian. Next, we saw a hunter bring down a handsome stag with unbelievable Gallic brutality, and half the audience were led away in tears. Then there was a French version of Punch and Judy, and then . . . Well, I forget now, but it went on very happily until the gong sounded for tea.

Naturally I felt extremely grateful to the *Compagnie Française de Télévision* and as soon as the party was over I sat down and wrote them a nice appreciative letter. I hope that my action will not be misunderstood at Alexandra Palace and cause a new wave of resignations or anything, but they must understand, up there in Wood Green, that the B.B.C. no longer enjoys a tight monopoly of television so far as my neck of the Surrey woods is concerned. Besides, any day now I expect to get New York or Moscow.

Hold.

## Thought

for the fly-leaf of the recently published  
"Note-Books of a Modern."

THE angst, depression, accidie that bulks  
So large in Freud and you, and sounds so splendid,  
Is in a child referred to as The Sulks  
And isn't quite so easily defended.



Hollywood

"I'll take this one."

## To Account for Mickey Mulgrady

UNTIL the other day I was never entirely able to understand the character of Mickey Mulgrady. Or perhaps I should say "unravel" rather than "understand," for I knew him very well, and yet he had done things so greatly at variance with one another that if I had told the story of his life nobody would have believed me. But at last I have the key of it, and I can tell his story briefly now, and perhaps sufficiently explain it to make it at least credible, whether you approve of that story or not. Well, first of all then, as soon as ever men were asked for in 1914, Mulgrady went into the Army, and fought all through that war and rose to be corporal. Later I heard from well-informed rumour that he was a brigadier-general in an army that used to come out at night in Ireland; and I know for a fact that a little while after that he was a captain in a more regular Irish army that used to appear by day. These three activities I used to find hard to reconcile; but his conversation always made the difficulty of unravelling his character harder still, for it seemed to reveal a spirit that was ardently law-abiding, the spirit of a loyal subject to whom all rebellion was hateful. And then one day I found the clue to his character, as one might find lying in the grass the key of a casket that had never been opened. And the key that I found was simply kindness of heart. Mickey Mulgrady could not bear to refuse anyone.

It was Jimmy O'Hoolan who gave me that key one day with a story he told me.

"You know the big wall of Castle Garraher," he said, "all round the demesne?"

I said that I did.

"Well," said Jimmy O'Hoolan, "I was resting beside it

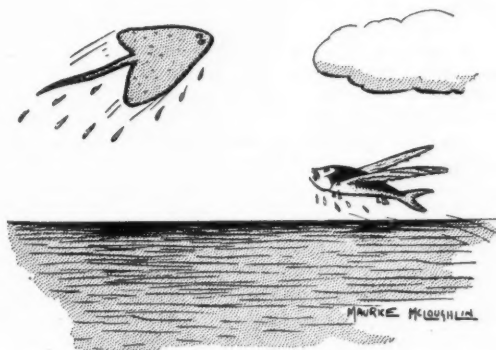
one day after a bit a work that I had been doing, and Mickey was there a little further along, doing the same thing. And there had been a meet of the hounds that day, but miles from there; Castle Garraher wasn't even stopped. And I hears the sound of a horn. They've come a long way, I thought. And so they had. And the next thing I sees was a fox. And it comes straight for the demesne wall, the tiredest fox ever I seen. And it comes up to the wall and jumps at it and falls back, and tries again, and is about to give it up. And along comes Mickey Mulgrady. And he goes up to the fox where it lies panting, and he says to it 'My poor fellow, I'll help you over that wall.' And the fox looks at him and says nothing. And he picks up the fox in his arms and lifts it over the wall, and drops it down on the other side. And away goes the fox, all spry again, as though getting over that obstacle had made him young once more. Now wasn't that the act of a man with a kind heart?"

I agreed that it was. "What did the hounds do?" I asked. "Were they able to get over the wall?"

"Wait till I tell you," he said. "Not many minutes went by, and up comes the leading hound and goes straight to the spot in the wall where Mickey helped over the fox. And it was as beat as the fox was. It must have been a wonderful great hunt. And so I heard afterwards that it was. And there is men that is talking of it yet. Well, the hound makes a jump at the wall and falls back as the fox had done, and gives a look at Mickey with large tired eyes. And Mickey, who has the softest heart in the world, says 'My poor fellow, I'll help you.' And there is the hound sitting panting, and looking up at Mickey. And he lifts him over the wall. And the hound drops over the other side and gives one look back at Mickey, for he knows what he done for him; and then away he goes after the fox. Two or three more hounds comes up after that, and Mickey does the same for them. Sure, he's a man that no one ever looked to for help and went away disappointed."

And then at last I knew Mickey, and the story of Mickey's life. Well, that I knew already, but I knew now how it came about. "Won't you fight for King and Country?" a recruiting sergeant had said. And Mickey Mulgrady must have replied "I'd be the first man to do it." And away he had gone to war. "Wouldn't you like to free Ireland?" some tough must have said to him later. "Begob, there's nothing I'd like better," Mickey probably said. And by nights he was a brigadier-general. And later on, no doubt, somebody said to him "Sure, they're doing it all wrong. Won't you join us?" And Mickey, the big-hearted fellow, joined them as he'd join anybody.

I don't think that anyone will ever appeal to Mickey for any cause in vain. D.







*"Why not try the Vienna steak, sir? It's our special 'Might be worse' for to-day."*

## What are Public Relations?

**W**HE Public Relations Officers are a very much misunderstood class of men. A good deal of vagueness exists, I have noticed, in the public mind about our functions, and the fact that this vagueness is often shared by Public Relations Officers themselves makes it all the more important to try to dispel it.

Take the average P.R.O. Take my own case. I became a Public Relations Officer quite by chance. One morning I was sitting on a seat on the Embankment, reading a newspaper, when a man came up to me with a very distressed air. "Excuse me," he said. "I'm from the Ministry of Co-ordination. One of our Public Relations Officers has just died." "Dear me, how very sad," I said. "Yes," said the man, "but the point is that I've been sent out to find another one. I suppose you don't happen to know of anyone who—" "Well," I said, "I might, and on the other hand, I might not. But first of all, tell me one thing—what exactly are Public Relations Officers?

What do they do?" The man hesitated. He looked rather embarrassed. "Look here," he said at last, "I think the best thing would be for you to come back with me to the Ministry." "All right," I said.

"So you're the new Public Relations Officer?" said a brisk pink-faced man, beaming at me from behind a desk, before I could say a word. "Well, I suppose I must be, if you say so," I said. "But I would like to know one thing. What do Public Relations Officers have to do?" A shade of annoyance crossed the man's face. "Yes, yes, quite," he said. "Now to begin with, we're sending you out as P.R.O. to the North-West Lumpshire Catchment Board at Lumpchester. Not much of a post, I'm afraid. But it will do to begin with. Good-bye and good luck. Send me a postcard now and again."

But it was only when I reached Lumpchester and entered the offices of the North-West Lumpshire Catchment Board that I realized how deplorably

ignorant people in general are about Public Relations.

"So you're the new Public Assistance Officer?" said the Chairman of the Board, a rather choleric old gentleman. "Not Public Assistance, sir. Public Relations." "Public Assistance or Public Relations, it's all the same to me," he said crossly. "I don't know why you have to come here with your Public Relations at all. We never asked for them. And what are Public Relations anyhow?" "What are Catchments, sir, come to that?" I returned, with some presence of mind. I could see by the Chairman's face that I had scored. "Something to do with rivers, I do know that," he muttered. "Charmed magic catchments, eh?" said someone at the end of the table, but the Chairman did not join in the laugh that followed. "Anyhow," he said, very sarcastically, "I hope that in due course we shall find out what Public Relations really are." "I hope so too, sir," I said as I withdrew.

The Chairman, whose name was

Graw-Pilkington, made my life a misery during the weeks that followed. He was for ever coming into my office unexpectedly and poking me in the back, causing me to wake up with a start. Everyone knows that this is bad for the nerves, but this did not seem to deter him. "Well," he would say in a grating tone, "have you found out what they are yet?" "What what are?" "Public Relations, of course." After a few such incidents, I learned to ignore the man by pretending to be asleep. All the same the thing was annoying, and I resolved to have my revenge if possible.

As it happened the other members of the Board, in contrast to the Chairman, were full of kindly interest in my work, often dropping in for a chat and sometimes bringing hampers of delicacies which they would generously share with me. "How interesting Public Relations must be," they would say. "So much more interesting than stupid old catchments." "Do you really think so?" I would say.

After a few hints of this kind I saw my opportunity. "I wonder you go on being Catchment Officers, if it's so boring," I said. "Why not become Public Relations Officers instead?" "But what do Public Relations Officers

have to do? What are Public Relations?" "There's no need to worry about that," I said. "You've only got to say the word and you can all be P.R.O.s this minute."

Needless to say they were all delighted with the idea. And so next day, when Mr. Graw-Pilkington entered the boardroom, he found me sitting in his usual place, with the other members grouped round me—as Chairman of the new North-West Lumpshire Public

Relations Board. He tried to bluster a bit at first, but after a time he had to accept the position. And in the end he had to take a rather poorly paid post as Catchment Officer to the North-West Lumpshire Public Relations Board.

I still feel, rightly or wrongly, that the whole affair holds a valuable lesson for each one of us. But whether it sheds any light on the functions of Public Relations Officers is of course another matter.

## Doppelgänger

O WHO and What, O Who and What,  
Who walketh on the hill?  
As Erebus whose breath is hot,  
As ice whose gaze is chill?

His ears are as an ass's ears,  
His nose is like the moon  
That shines like old forgotten fears  
On Tuesday afternoon.

O Who and Why, O Who and Why,  
Who smelleth like the wind  
From Eastern kitchens where they fry  
The Hippogryph of Hind?

His brow is warm, his brow is wet,  
As the Cistercian goat,  
Or like the mooncalf of Tibet  
Which swims but cannot float.

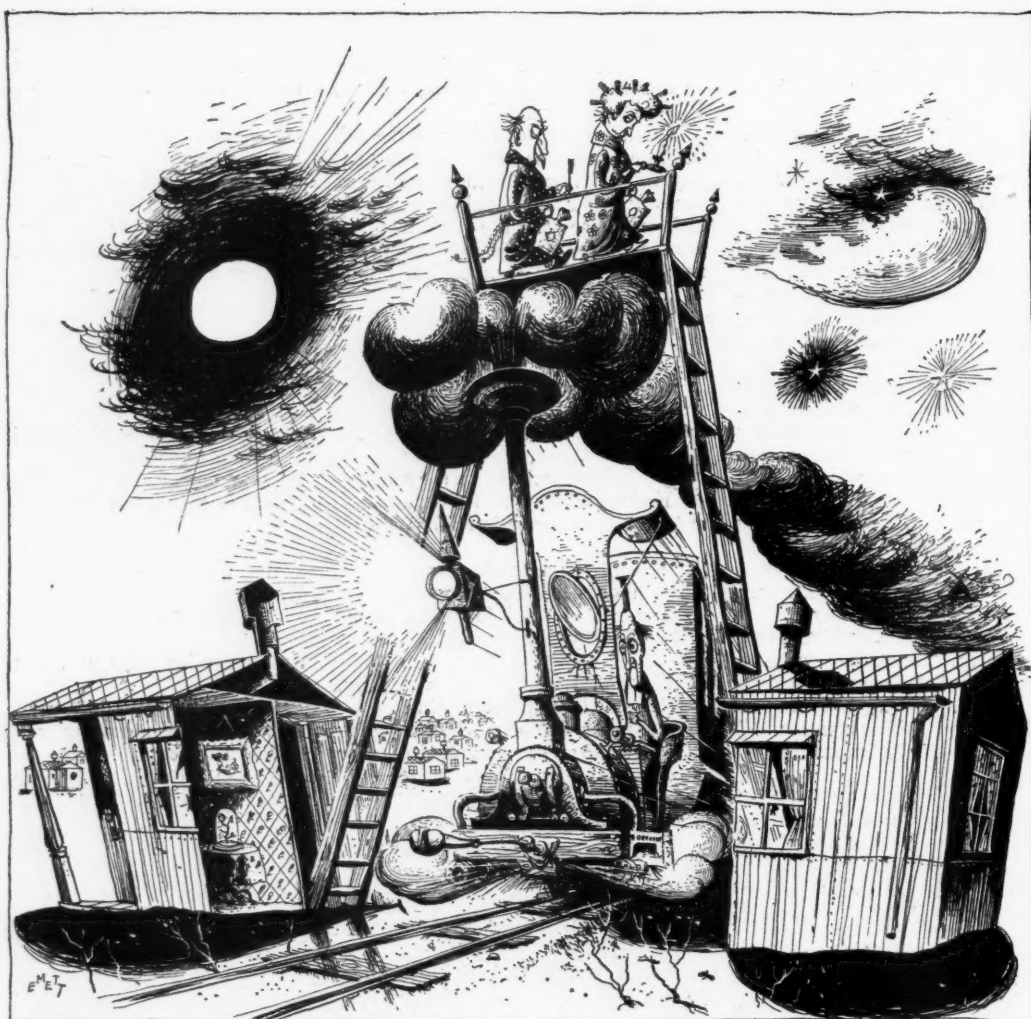
He stares like one of Cortez' men  
When bitten on the leg  
By Uixibotl the Aztec hen  
That laid the Sacred Egg.

And grim his gaze and stern his stoop  
And wildly wags his ear,  
And after him unceasing troop  
The little cats of fear.



William Sautley

"Which six books would you have brought if you'd known?"



*"... but I do wish the Housing Committee and the Railway Extension people could have co-ordinated their plans!"*

## On Cider

**I**N those good days, not long ago,  
Before we learnt the word "austere,"  
Our English bards—and what for no?—  
Lifted the praise of English beer.  
Grand was the Ode of C. S. C.  
And Byron had his lordly fling  
But cider is the stuff for me,  
And cider is the stuff I sing.

Let me not be misunderstood.  
Though far from proud, I boldly say  
That as a fact I could and would  
Drink anything that came my way.  
Beer in that halcyon time was beer;  
One could imbibe and joy thereat;  
But cider had an equal cheer,  
And cider didn't make one fat.

But evil things have come to pass.  
An iron law has butted in  
And manly English beer, alas,  
Is now a meeker brew and thin.  
It does not reinforce the mind  
Or, in sad humours, heal the pip,  
While in good cider we may find  
Still an agreeable touch of zip.

A happier tale may still be told—  
Fair fall the hour—when we may quaff  
Bitter or mild, as 'twas of old,  
Or half, it's possible, and half.  
But, though they stay this thirst of mine  
In casual mood, I still shall lean  
To cider when I lunch or dine  
And, maybe, cider in between.

DUM-DUM.





### ANIMAL GRAB

[Eight out of the twenty-three Bills recently presented by Private Members are devoted to the affairs of wild or tame animals.]

**MONDAY, January 31st.**—It is generally accepted these days that where there is a star turn, or a "big picture" the rest of the programme should not present any danger of serious rivalry with the *pièce de résistance*.

Mr. HERBERT MORRISON, the Leader of the House of Commons, and Mr. WILLIE WHITELEY, the Government Chief Whip, who between them arrange the programme of the House, seem to be converts to this theory. They certainly adhered to it this week.

Thursday's debate is to be on the findings of the Tribunal, under Mr. Justice Lynskey, which had inquired into allegations affecting the honour of some Ministers and other public servants. This had aroused such public interest that it had for weeks almost monopolized conversation where two or three politicians were gathered together.

Not even the most carping of critics could have complained with any justice that the programme for the week stole any of the limelight. A series of dull (if doubtless wholly admirable) Bills occupied the time of the House, and the debates were what the fashion shops call "to match."

Even Question-time failed to arouse any enthusiasm. Except of course the announcement made by Mr. HAROLD WILSON, President of the Board of Trade, about clothes rationing.

With longing and wistful glances at their shapeless and shiny clothes, male Members cheered hoarsely as they heard Mr. WILSON announce that men's suits and overcoats were to be released from the rationing system. The enthusiasm was tempered by the fact that a small formality with a cheque-book was still to be necessary in the purchase of a suit or overcoat. However, the thought that some restrictions were to go—women's suits and coats are also "off"—cheered almost everybody, and Mr. WILSON bowed himself out.

Up in the Gallery, sitting beside Mrs. Clifton-Brown (wife of the SPEAKER), who always contrives to present a pleasant picture of varied and tasteful dress, coupons or none, was Mrs. Wilson. She did not smile so widely as most. Mr. WILSON later "revealed" (as the daily papers say) that he had not told her, in advance, of the coupon-saving plans, and she had spent some of her valuable supply only that day. The coincidence that she was present to hear the announcement rather "rubbed it in."

## Impressions of Parliament

**Monday, January 31st.**—House of Commons: Good News.

**Tuesday, February 1st.**—House of Commons: Trial by Jury.

**Wednesday, February 2nd.**—House of Commons: Trade—and Spain.

**Thursday, February 3rd.**—House of Commons: The Final Act of a Drama.

**TUESDAY, February 1st.**—The most popular statement made in the Commons to-day was one by Mr. ATTLEE to the effect that Mr. CHURCHILL had accepted his invitation to broadcast an appeal for recruits for the armed Forces. Mr. C. was not present to take a bow, but his supporters basked loudly in the reflected glory.

The talk was all about lawyers and jurors, for one of the chief Bills discussed proposed to pay jurors for loss of earnings while they did their duty in the jury-box. It also proposed to abolish "special" juries, except in complicated City of London cases.



### Impressions of Parliamentarians

69. Mr. Zilliacus (Gateshead)

Mrs. ELIZABETH BRADDOCK, who had had recent personal experience of a special jury, when she sued a newspaper for saying that she "danced a jig" on the floor of the House in a moment of exuberance, took part in the debate. She made it clear that her opinion of special jurors (she lost the case) was not high. And she added that, but for the fact that she was proposing to appeal against their verdict, she would have said a good deal more, a good deal more bluntly.

Such considerations did not deter her Counsel at the trial, Mr. REGINALD PAGET, who is also a Labour M.P., from offering a few observations on

special juries which (but for the fact that they are soon to pass from human ken) should have ensured that he never again appeared on the winning side before a special jury. The saying of the "few words" seemed to give Mr. PAGET the same sort of vicarious pleasure and relief as one gets from delivering a sound kick on a piece of furniture against which one has barked a shin.

Mr. LESLIE HALE, Mrs. BRADDOCK's solicitor in the case, who is also a Labour M.P., was more charitable, and expressed the firm conviction that the jury—but not necessarily special jury—system was the backbone of British justice. Mr. QUINTIN HOGG was downright in his denunciation of the Socialist majority for wanting to abolish anyone or anything that did something they didn't like.

In the end, the Opposition unexpectedly concurring, the Bill was passed unanimously, in spite of the fact that some lawyers on the Opposition side expressed the view that justice would not be *quite* the same without special juries. Sir HARTLEY SHAWCROSS, the Attorney-General, with a little of the manner of an expert salesman, assured the House that he could ensure "something just as good," and his offer was accepted.

**WEDNESDAY, February 2nd.**—The Commons spent the first part of their day talking about overseas trade and the steps the Government might take to guarantee against loss those who served the country by sending goods abroad. A plan to authorize the Government to extend the export credits guarantee system was approved.

But then, on the motion for the adjournment (on which, as any Foreign Secretary will confirm, anything can happen), there was a discussion on future relations with Spain. It was a curious debate, with people taking the most unexpected lines, and almost everybody—advocates of closer relations as well as others—expressing dislike of General Franco and his regime.

Just to help the general effect of jumble, Mr. MONT FOLLIICK, from the Labour benches, got up and expressed the hope that the Monarchy would soon be restored in Spain and that Britain would promptly restore close relations with that country. These views drew a running fire of protest and dissent from members of his own Party, but Mr. FOLLIICK ploughed steadily along his lonely furrow to the end.



"Poisoned—the cads!"

Mr. CHRIS MAYHEW, Foreign Under-Secretary, showed official wariness on the whole matter, but did not bother to conceal his own intense dislike of General Franco and all his works. His utterance, on the official side, was so careful and cautious that it lacked his usual crystal clarity, but it seemed that while Britain would not angle for Spain's readmission to the international family circle, she would not oppose it if somebody else proposed it.

Mr. MAYHEW said this firmly and with emphasis, and the House had to leave the matter. But it was not clear whether it had been advanced, retarded—or left where it had been all the time. In the Lords they were talking about civil aviation without adding a great deal to the nation's storehouse of knowledge on that topic. Apparently, something is being done to save money and, presumably, to reduce in due time the considerable subsidies paid from national funds to meet the deficits of most of the nationalized flying concerns. But nobody promised anything very definite.

**THURSDAY, February 3rd.**—There was enacted to-day one of those intense, miserable little dramas which (mercifully rarely) Parliament sometimes has to face.

A well-liked Member had been broken on the Wheel of Fate, and the time had come for the act in which the

final exit had to be made, the final curtain to fall. Members of all Parties dislike such a scene, when the ambitions of one man's lifetime are poured out on the hot sands of oblivion.

And, central figure in to-day's little drama, was one who had carved for



#### Impressions of Parliamentarians

70. Mr. Quintin Hogg (Oxford City)

himself a distinctive place in the life of the House—Mr. JOHN BELCHER, until recently Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade. But a Tribunal of Inquiry had adjudged him guilty of allowing himself to be influenced in his official duties by gifts and, such is the stringent code of conduct in British public life, that could carry only one penalty.

Walking erect, but obviously tense and unhappy, into the House, Mr. BELCHER took a modest seat on a Back-bench. He was given a low, growling, non-Party cheer of sympathy in his personal ordeal, for the House is "human" and generous on these occasions. Then he rose, pale and a little hoarse, to make a "personal statement."

It was a manly and forthright speech protesting his innocence of corruption, but not blaming anybody else for his downfall. Now and then his voice faltered as he referred to his wife (sitting in a gallery above his head) or to his friends.

As tradition required, the speech was heard in silence. Then, in his last sentences, Mr. BELCHER announced that he intended to resign from the House. The moment he had finished his speech, and without even resuming his seat, he walked, pale and in tears, from the Chamber, and so out of Parliamentary life.

There was another low cheer of sympathy. The crowd of Members at the Bar parted to let him through. The door swung silently shut behind him.

Mr. ATTLEE moved that the report of the Tribunal be accepted, Mr. CHURCHILL approved both this and the general action of the Government in the matter, and in the end the motion was passed without dissent.





"Don't trouble. I've found it."

## Guinea-Pigs

**G**UINEA-PIGS do not, I know, sound a very interesting subject. I would not have mentioned them if it had not been brought home to me to-day exactly what a guinea-pig does with its food. Quite a number of you, I expect, have seen a guinea-pig in the course of your lives, but very few, I dare say, have seen one at its meals. When it comes to food the guinea-pig is about the most uncivilized animal there is.

One does not of course expect very much from a guinea-pig. One does not expect impeccable table manners or anything of daintiness with food. But one does expect something. The exhibition I have just seen would have put Henry VIII to shame.

I am not saying that the food was the most appetizing one could imagine. Boiled tea-leaves and dry porridge oats would say nothing to me personally,

and the thought of hashed-up dog-biscuits as well might even put me off my meals for a bit. But guinea-pigs, after all, are brought up on this kind of thing. They do not expect the delicacies which mean so much to the human palate.

The more disgusting, then, the performance of Ranji and Duleep, my young son's two pet guinea-pigs.

It happened at the evening meal. I say evening meal because it is evidently the case that guinea-pigs have four meals a day. This may seem slightly excessive to some for the size of the animal, but let me hasten to point out that two of the meals are off dandelion-leaves, and these are quite plentiful in my garden at most times of the year.

The evening meal takes place at six-thirty. At six-twenty, then, the teapot was duly turned out, the dust-bin

raked for old cabbage-leaves, and myself put in charge of hashing the dog-biscuits. Hashing dog-biscuits is about as productive as hashing cement, but I buckled down to it, and after a short time with the hammer the biscuits looked as well hashed as any I have seen. Christopher then threw in the cabbage-leaves, mixed the whole lot up with a spoon so that the tea-leaves should appear, tempting, on top, and we proceeded in ceremony to the guinea-pig hutch.

The guinea-pigs were sulking; I could see that as soon as we arrived. One of them was staring owlishly at the water-bowl which had somehow got filled with dirt, and the other was wiping its feet moodily on the dandelions it had had for tea.

When we were in position Christopher opened the living-room door cautiously and peered inside. Both guinea-pigs froze in their tracks.

After about a minute's restful inactivity Christopher reached his hand in and started to pull out some of the mangled heap of old dandelion-leaves that one of the guinea-pigs was sitting on. This is a routine that takes place every other meal, and you would think that after six months they would be used to it. Both guinea-pigs, however, fled instantly into the bedroom, nearly killing themselves in the intervening doorway, where there was only room for one. Nothing moved.

After another short silence in case they decided to come out again, Christopher took out the rest of the vegetation and prepared to insert the dinner.

"Now," he said, "this'll bring them out. You watch."

I watched. After five minutes I suggested that the guinea-pigs had decided to go to bed without any dinner. Christopher said perhaps they had forgotten about it, and opened up the bedroom to the full light of day to see. Both guinea-pigs were inside looking peevish.

"Come out and eat your dinner," said Christopher, and gave one of them a prod to encourage it. Neither of them stirred.

"Come on," said Christopher, giving it a poke in the ribs. "Come out."

Both guinea-pigs vanished suddenly into the back of the bedroom where it was too dark to see, and parked themselves there, evidently for the night. I began to wonder whether tea-leaves was the right diet.

Christopher opened both doors and brought one guinea-pig right out of the hutch. "I shan't give you any dinner in future, if you don't eat it," he remarked with some asperity, and put it

back again, slamming both the doors. Silence.

Suddenly a black nose stuck itself out of the bedroom door.

"Ah," said Christopher, "they've smelt it now."

The black nose squirmed in evident disapproval and withdrew.

Christopher lost patience.

"Oh, very well," he said. "If you won't come out, I'll have to get you out."

He raised his fist in the air and landed one squarely on the ceiling of the bedroom. One of the guinea-pigs shot smartly out into the living-room and looked round viciously.

"Now," said Christopher.

Things began to happen. The guinea-pig in the living-room, fairly quivering with rage, turned and made a bee-line back to the bedroom. The other guinea-pig, thinking no doubt that its last hour had come, emerged precipitately from the bedroom and came into violent collision. There was a blasphemous silence.

Then they saw it. A nice green bowl with an attractive sprinkling of tea-leaves against a background of pale fawn dog-biscuit inside it. With but a moment's hesitation the first guinea-pig took a well-aimed running jump and landed slap in the middle of the tea-leaves.

Dinner began.

The animal in the bowl started things off by taking a wild swipe at the food with its hind feet and making contact with both claws. A large part of my carefully hashed dog-biscuit went for six. The other creature, not to be outdone, advanced upon the meal with a determined air and started rooting for buried treasure with its nose. Finding only a moth-eaten cabbage-leaf, it seized hold of this in its teeth, dragged it out on to the floor with a fair modicum of tea-leaves, and promptly went to sleep on it. The first guinea-pig signified approval of this move by extracting another cabbage-leaf from the bottom of the bowl and casting it on top of the second guinea-pig.

The first guinea-pig then continued its excavations. Tea-leaves and hashed dog-biscuit came out in a fine spray, covering everything. Gradually the second guinea-pig became immersed under a small heap, the cabbage-leaf acting as a blanket. When the first guinea-pig had reached bedrock and covered all of its partner but the tail end, it climbed stickily out of the bowl and looked round.

Most of the meal was now on the floor. Some of it admittedly had got on to the walls, and a few tea-leaves

had even found their way on to the ceiling, but most of it was on the floor on and around the second guinea-pig. The first guinea-pig proceeded to do an evening constitutional round the box at top speed by way of spreading it out a little.

At the fourth lap the other guinea-pig woke up. It seemed surprised. Nothing daunted, however, it rose unsteadily to its feet, festooned with cabbage-leaf, joined in behind the first guinea-pig, and continued round the box in the same direction until all the food was either trampled into

the floorboards or sticking to their feet.

After that they called it a day. The first guinea-pig peered dolefully round the room and went to bed in evident disgust, and the second guinea-pig wandered round aimlessly, looking depressed. Finally, just to make quite sure that any food which by some mischance still remained in the bowl was rendered totally unfit for consumption, the second guinea-pig clambered exhaustedly into it, curled round twice, and went to sleep.

No, give me proper pigs, any day.

## Goings On of an Alter Ego

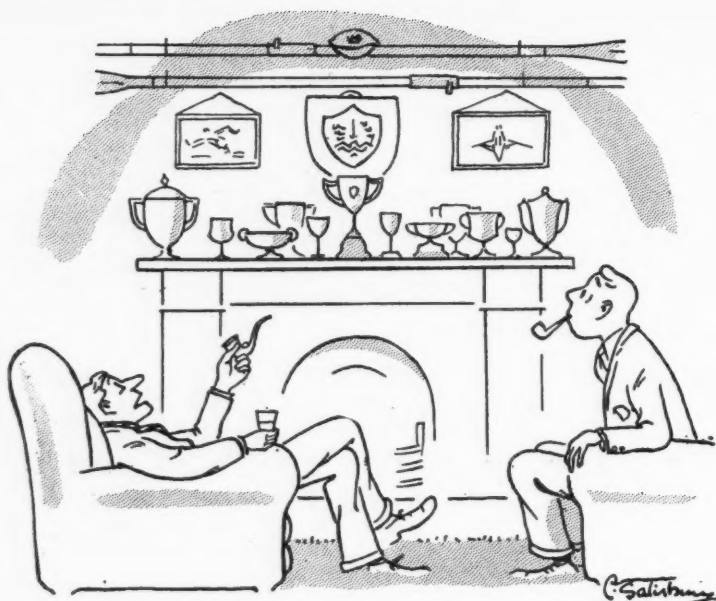
OH, when I was above myself  
I was a curious pair;  
My lower feet still walked the street,  
My uppers trod on air.  
Said folk "You must come down a peg,  
We know not where you stand";  
So reaching up I pulled my leg  
And took myself in hand.

Oh, when I was beside myself  
I strutted through the town  
And vinous men who saw me then  
Crept home and laid them down.

But all the neighbours raised a groan  
To view my double chins;  
Said folk "We love you best alone:  
You're just a mess as twins."

And now I march in twos no more;  
I keep myself inside,  
And Jekyll rests as heretofore  
Well hidden in his Hyde.  
Yet when they read this little rhyme  
I know what folk will say:  
They will most surely say that I'm  
Below myself to-day. M. H. L.





"Those? Oh, games were compulsory."

## Leaving Beards Out Of It

THE journalist of to-day, whatever his handicaps, at least does not need to hesitate in deciding what to write about. There is one subject pre-eminently deserving of his attention, and that is Productivity. I approached this topic in these columns some months ago, but unfortunately the main issue became obscured in an involved digression about the beards of certain generals of the American Civil War. Several readers wrote to me complaining that after reading that article they suffered from dizziness, inability to concentrate and general malaise; and one or two also experienced symptoms of nausea and feverishness. This will not be allowed to happen again. Beards have got nothing to do with productivity, and we will exclude them from our present argument.

One of the first things we notice about productivity is the necessity of having a target. Much has been written (some of it, I am sorry to say, in an unhelpful spirit) about the meaning of the word "target"; but, putting it in plain language, a person's target is simply the measure of his anticipated productivity—or in other words, the amount he can reasonably be expected to productive. It is essential that everyone should have a productivity

target; but the difficulty arises that many of us pursue occupations, such as goal-keeping or writing about beards, in which these targets are difficult to assess.

Industrial psychology comes into the picture here. In one firm producing galvanized-iron dust-bins productivity was raised .013 of a dust-bin per man-year by fixing the target in terms of ash-cans, thus stressing the dollar-earning side of the business. On the other hand, a firm of razor-blade manufacturers found that a signed photograph of Dr. W. G. Grace hung in the staff canteen turned the output curve downwards at an angle of 17 degrees, while a lunch-hour talk to the workers by a political economist with side-whiskers had very little effect either way.

When I said earlier that beards had nothing to do with productivity, I was overlooking (as many of my readers will have realized) the experience of the Lancashire textile industry in the first half of the nineteenth century. Many of the operatives were luxuriantly hirsute, and accidents occurred which, besides inconveniencing the workmen concerned, often caused damage to the looms themselves, spare parts for which were at that time both costly and difficult to obtain. Complaints also

came in from customers that the shirtings delivered to them contained patches of an unpleasant bristly texture; and eventually the firm of Harrison and Oldroyd posted an order in their mill requiring all male operatives to wear a kind of inverted night-cap over the chin. This precaution, which rapidly became general in all Lancashire mills, has now lapsed into desuetude; but there are still many homes in Rochdale and Oldham where the "beard-snoods" (as they are called) are hung at the foot of the children's beds on Christmas Eve.

If we now ask ourselves where we have got to, I think the answer is clear. Three points emerge from the foregoing inquiry, viz.:

(1) A rise in absenteeism produces, in general, a falling-off in attendance.

This perhaps requires elucidation, but as time is getting short we will pass on to:

(2) A beard is not necessarily a target.

This is self-evident.

(3) The third of our conclusions was expressed in a remark passed by the Emperor Hadrian when shaving outside his tent at Eboracum on a morning in early February. He said: *Naturam expellas furca, tamen usque recurret*. This is particularly true of beards.

G. D. R. D.

## Pleasing Structure

MUMMY! Mummy, do you know what it is, a *pleasing structure*? Well, a pleasing structure, Mummy, a pleasing structure—do you know what it is? Well, it's a kind of thing over a path, made of bits of wood and things. Mummy, if only you'd let me chop down a tree in the summer when I wanted to chop down a tree and you wouldn't let me chop down one, I could have made you a pleasing structure too like they have; their father's just finished it.

Their father—Martin and Hilary's. Well, he made it really, but we all had to help him; and their mother, because she was the only one who knew where the bulbs were and knew where not to dig, so she had to make the holes herself, and she said no one else in the world would have thought of building it first and putting it up afterwards. Mummy, why wouldn't anyone else in the world? How does she *know* no one else in the world? She said most people put up two pieces of wood and build it all round, or all over because of being an arch.



An arch, Mummy. Anyway their mother called it an arch—rustic or something. Hilary called it *that bridge* because of going over, but nothing can go over on it except it might be a bird which could fly over anyway, or it might be a cat only then it all might collapse because although Martin calls it a *good build*, their father says it's lucky it's a calm night and he'll give it some supports to-morrow unless there's suddenly a gale when we can all go round and start again one day.

Mummy, he built it on the ground, because he said he could see what it looked like, and what it looked like was bow-legged, and their mother said no, it wouldn't do, and he said he could reverse some bits at the outside and we all reversed them and their mother said we were treading on the bulbs but she supposed it was in a good cause—Mummy, why was it in a good cause we were treading on them? —but it would be better if we didn't, and just when she said it Christopher fell right down the bank and where he was trying to make his foot into a brake it collapsed a lot of it, and she said well, perhaps they would have been a failure anyway, and he dug out a bit of interesting-looking pot that Hilary said was probably Roman, or it might be much older even, thousands of years, and Martin said it was just like a piece of the jar he used to have tadpoles in that all mysteriously disappeared; and Christopher said it was because he hadn't fed them, so they ate one another to keep them alive—Mummy, like the animals went in five by five.

So we all sang it while we heaved it upright to go in the holes, and their mother had put the holes much too near together so we had to heave it down again; their father always makes anything he makes much bigger than you think, it's because he's so tall, Mummy. So then their mother showed us where and Hilary and I made a hole but she helped us a bit, and Christopher and Martin made the other hole, and we heaved again and their father had it coming down on each side of him. Mummy, their mother said he looked like an old-fashioned milkman but he couldn't stop like it for us to see. Mummy, why is it an old-fashioned milkman to hang down both sides? Why is a milkman? Do you remember when milkmen were old-fashioned and hung down?

So we got it in at last, Mummy, and we all looked at it, and their mother said in spite of being knock-kneed now she thought it was beautiful and she hoped it wasn't so big it would dis-

courage the rambler that has to go over the top of it. And their father stepped back down the path and looked at it and said it was a *pleasing structure*, and their mother made us some banana sandwiches—Mummy, *banana sandwiches*!

Mummy, I made a super sort of joke when we sang "The animals went in five by five"; everyone thought it was super. I said I wondered if the tadpoles went into one another five by five. Mummy, wasn't it a super sort of joke—how could they go into *one another* five by five, how could they? Martin and Hilary and Christopher and me—we all laughed so much when I said it we nearly knocked the old-fashioned milkman down the bulb bank, and we thought we should never get it fixed in the holes; and when we were having our banana sandwiches we all kept on saying "Five by five" till Hilary choked and their mother said that was enough, and Christopher

said "Ate one another to keep them alive," and she choked again, and Martin said well it hadn't kept them alive so then she stopped choking.

Mummy, I've given it a special name of my own—it has so many it doesn't seem to matter what it's called—well, the *good build*, Mummy, the *pleasing structure*; and what I call it is the *tadpole arch* because then I shall think of my good joke and always laugh when I look at it. Mummy, when you see it, will you laugh, thinking of my joke, will you, my good joke that I made about five by five; do you think you will, Mummy, do you?

"Perhaps the solemn grandeur of his two big pictures of Snowdon, one from Liverpool and one from Nottingham, show Wilson at his most original. . ."

Manchester paper.

And long-sighted.



## At the Play

*The Heiress* (HAYMARKET)—*The Damask Cheek* (LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH)  
*The Way Back* (WESTMINSTER)

HERE are three plays from America with nothing in common but their American origin. (On second thoughts, two of them have heiresses and each of the two is set in New York: not that

memory); and the glib, rancid-cream wastrel who comes to woo *Catherine* for her money and who stays to jilt her.

It is a strange, joyless world, the parlour of gentility in this New York of the early fifties when a house in Washington Square is the best investment in the city. The doctor, stiff, sarcastic, detached, watches his daughter fumbling her way through life as "an entirely mediocre and defenceless creature without a shred of poise." He is resolved, even so, to protect her from the oily young charmer attracted only by *Catherine's* personal fortune and the other fortune—twice as large—that she will inherit at her father's death. There is no love here for the girl herself—gentle, dull, good at little else but needlework and coriander cookies, and thwarted by her father's lack of affection. RUTH

*The Heiress* is fortified by two fine major performances and some excellent smaller ones. Miss PEGGY ASHCROFT may reveal to many in this tougher world the agonies endured by the gauche. (Listen to her as she falters through that pathetic little anecdote in the first act.) It is a beautiful study, just, controlled, always loyal to the authors. The other major performance is Sir RALPH RICHARDSON's: the father, treated with less perception, might be merely poker-stiff; but at the Haymarket we are ever conscious of an inner fire. Mr. JAMES DONALD has to be a "goodly apple rotten at the heart": a trying business in which, subtly, he sheds the first gloss of that all too easy charm. (Oh, these facile charmers!) Miss GILLIAN LIND flutters pleasantly as the kind of romantic aunt who would have enjoyed an elopement's rope-ladder and conscious moon; and Miss PAULINE JAMESON finds the right way with the maid. Mr. JOHN GIELGUD's production has the expected quality. But a run of three hours on the first night was too long.

By comparison, *The Damask Cheek* is a conventional affair. The year is 1909. Mr. JOHN VAN DRUTEN, who has written the play with Mr. LLOYD MORRIS, likes that period, and as in his English *Gertie Maude* the background is lovingly detailed. Hansoms, the bioscope, Sothern and Marlowe: all of this is agreeable, but the comedy itself is a brittle anecdote of an English girl in New York, who has to take vigorous measures to win her simple American cousin. Miss JANE BAXTER remains fresh and likeable, though, except for the wrestling bout, nothing barred, with Miss PATRICIA RAINE's little gold-digger, she has nothing very much to act. Miss IRIS HOEY flicks off a selfish aunt, and Mr. DAVID O'BRIEN—now with his first dinner-jacket—is growing up charmingly. Indeed, the players enjoy themselves, though some appear to be uncertain whether they are in Hammersmith or New York. (True, each has a Broadway.)

"I like a good gasp in the theatre," says someone in *The Damask Cheek*, and those who agree will find a gasp or two in the jungle night-pieces of *The Way Back*. Elsewhere the author, Mr. ARTHUR LAURENTS, has overloaded his play with psychiatry: he writes, moreover, in a tough-guy lingo that is kinda hard to follow. Still, Mr. RICHARD ATTENBOROUGH (as a bundle of nerves) and Mr. STANLEY MAXTED (as the psychiatrist who probes the bundle) do a good deal for the author's glum imaginings.

J. C. T.



[The Heiress]

### REFUSING THE DOCTOR'S PRESCRIPTION

<i>Dr. Sloper</i> . . . . .	SIR RALPH RICHARDSON
<i>Morris Townsend</i> . . . . .	MR. JAMES DONALD
<i>Catherine</i> . . . . .	MISS PEGGY ASHCROFT

it matters.) The first has the deliberate elegance of upper-crust New York in 1850; a second is sentimental comedy, also in N.Y., but the year is 1909; and the third is tough work in a hot spot (not New York) during the Pacific War.

I cannot begin to think what *Dr. Sloper*, of Washington Square, would have made of the idiom of *The Way Back* or, for that matter, of the all-in hair-tugging and biting towards the end of *The Damask Cheek*. This doctor, acted superbly by Sir RALPH RICHARDSON at the Haymarket, is a figure from Henry James, one of the angles of the curious triangle in the Square. The others are his shy, gauche daughter, *The Heiress* of the title, who has so acutely disappointed her father (a widower in love with his wife's

and AUGUSTUS GOETZ, whose play is "suggested" by the novel of *Washington Square*, relate elegantly and discreetly, if at the slowest pace—for this play cannot be hurried—the tale of *Catherine's* jilting and her ultimate revenge.

The piece is not scrambled together. It is minutely-detailed, constructed and cadenced with as much precision as one of James's own chapters. In the theatre its only trouble is the slow progress. This may have quickened a trifle; but you must not look for swift rhythms or alarums of plot, simply for a close study of character that grows with the evening and offers one scene of infinite pathos: the windy night in April when *Catherine* waits vainly for her faithless lover.

## Plasticine for Forty

NOW I wonder who is going to give out the plasticine this afternoon? Someone with a straight back of course, who is not fidgeting. There's a beautiful quiet class—yes, John and Anna.

All ready? Now watch me. Break your plasticine into two pieces and put one piece at the side of your board. Turn round, Michael, it doesn't matter if his plasticine is bigger than yours. Run along, Reggie.

We're going to rub this piece into a long, long worm. Carefully now, if you go so fast, Julia, it will break. There now.

Very gently, keep it smooth, no nasty bumps on this worm. Lovely, dear, yes, lovely, and yours, lovely, yours too, dear. ALL lovely.

Turn round, Michael. Michael, have you changed plasticine with John? You NEVER? What do you mean—you NEVER? Change back.

Hold up worms. There's no need to drop them if you are careful. No, don't come out to show me. I can see them all from here.

Now very carefully watch what I am going to do. Round and round I twist my worm, nice and flat. Now I am going to make the sides. Up we go. Who can guess what it is? That's right, Paul. A basket. We'll put a handle over the top and it's finished.

There, who can make a dear little basket like that?

Off you go then, and I shall sit down and watch you being busy.

Lovely, dear, yes, dear, and yours too.

What, AGAIN, Reggie?

Hold up baskets. Don't start walking out to show me. Great big children of five and a half walking about the classroom! I've never heard of such a thing. That's what the little children in the nursery class do. We all sit nicely in our desks here.

What beautiful baskets! That's a very good one, Anna, yes, dear, and yours, and yours too, ALL very good.

Now I wonder what we're going to make with the other piece of plasticine? Yes, something to go in the basket. Shall we make some vegetables? Who can think of some vegetables to make?

Carrots, yes, onions, yes, marrow, yes, potatoes, yes, chips, yes—no, *not* chips, what a silly thing to say, Michael. Don't laugh at him, children. Yes, dear, turnips, carrots we've said, dear, brussels sprouts, yes, we've had carrots, dear. *parsnips*, yes.

Very well. All quiet now. HUSH!

Hands on heads. Up. On heads. Up again, as high as you can. See if



"Well, that's all for to-day, folks. If you enjoyed the show please tell your friends."

you can touch the ceiling. Hands away. Let me see if I can hear my watch ticking.

There's a lovely quiet class.

Off you go, then, making vegetables. Not too big or they won't go in. That's a nice carrot, Jane. Parsnip then.

Lovely, dear, and yours, yes, dear,  
yours too. ALL lovely.

Only a few more minutes and then we must stop. I can see some lovely baskets. Put the vegetables in now and I'll come round and see which I think is the best. Never mind if you haven't finished, it's nearly playtime.

Beautiful! ALL very good indeed.  
No lazy people this afternoon!

Now we must roll up our plasticine.

Yes, it does seem a pity, Peggy, but we'll have it again to-morrow. Perhaps we will make a little tea-set next time, shall we? With tiny little spoons and a bowl with lumps of sugar in it? Who would like that? All of you? Right, I'll remember.

Nice round balls. No cracks anywhere.

I wonder who is going to collect the plasticine for me? Not anyone with a crooked back. Nor anyone who turns round, Michael. Don't hold your breath, Jimmy, you can sit up straight without that.

What a nice quiet class.

Jimmy, your side; Elizabeth, your side.

Oh, REGGIE . . .





"Smashing! Super! Terrific! Spine-chilling! Heart-warming! In this classroom next week! 'Lifecycle of the Toad!'"

### Our Booking Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)\*

#### Charles the First

ALTHOUGH the Whig view of Charles the First, originally promulgated by Macaulay, has been out of date for at least thirty years, and during the same space of time Charles, the friend of his people, butchered by a ring of Puritan capitalists, has become one of the most familiar figures in our history, Dr. ESMÉ WINGFIELD-STRATFORD in the trilogy which he is devoting to Charles has the air not of a man treading a well-laid and familiar road but of a pioneer thrusting forward through a trackless jungle. His enthusiasm is, if not infectious, at least exhilarating, and the first two volumes of his trilogy, *Charles King of England* and *King Charles and King Pym* (HOLLIS AND CARTER, 18/- each volume) can be read with as much pleasure as an exciting novel, and with about the same profit. Our four Stuart kings, Dr. WINGFIELD-STRATFORD says, were of an ability not less remarkable than that of the greatest Tudors. His supporting evidence, so far as the two kings with whom he deals are concerned, is of a strange kind. What the author calls James the First's "delight in the loveliness and lustiness of youth" involved him in insane extravagance. The first of his favourites, James Hay, received four hundred thousand pounds from him, and the last of his favourites, Buckingham, was the wildest adventurer in our history. James, it is true, moaned and sobbed over Buckingham's various lunacies, political and military, being shrewd enough to realize what Buckingham was doing to the monarchy; but he was entirely unable to control his favourite—a trait that will not recall the greatest Tudors to most persons. Charles, a shy, awkward youth, was as dazzled as his father by Buckingham, adoring him, Dr. WINGFIELD-STRATFORD aptly suggests, as David Copperfield adored Steerforth. Had he had any judgment he would have tried after Buckingham's assassination to come to terms with Parliament. Instead, he chose as his chief advisers Laud, the most tactless, and Strafford, the most ruthless and intimidating of his contemporaries. His attempt through Laud to impose the Anglican ritual on the

fiercely anti-liturgical Scots brought a Scottish army into England; and when he invited Strafford, who had a private army of his own, to come over to his aid from Ireland, Pym and Hampden and their colleagues felt the time had arrived to centralize power in Parliament, not in the Crown. Pym, as imagined by Dr. WINGFIELD-STRATFORD, is a Professor Moriarty inexorably entangling Charles and Strafford in his net ("We can imagine Mr. Pym rubbing his hands"). Hampden, a cunning, wire-pulling plutocrat, is the most malignant of Charles's enemies; an envenomed saboteur of peace. Laud, on the other hand, is an apostle of the beauty of holiness, and Strafford, though a little rough at times, is the friend and champion of the poor. Charles himself is a model of every virtue, while he is quiescent. As soon as he does anything, he of course makes things rather difficult for Dr. WINGFIELD-STRATFORD.

H. K.

#### Fame's Back Door

As a general rule, the more ambitiously an historical novel is conceived the more indolently it is executed. It requires a poet, scholar and story-teller combined to provide it with acceptable dialogue; and of three novels dealing with the Third Crusade "The Talisman" is still readable because Scott's "tushery" is unpretentiously stylized; the flamboyance of "Richard-Yea-and-Nay" wearies us; and the idiom of *The World is Not Enough* (GOLLANCZ, 15/-)—which was written in French—has apparently few period pretensions. America, unaware, perhaps, how lavish and accessible are French mediaeval sources, seems to have been impressed by Miss ZOÉ OLDENBOURG's rambling saga of a Burgundian feudal family. As a matter of fact the author has dodged the more exacting demands of historical fiction with considerable skill. She is more interested in the general loosening of domestic morale that takes place when husbands are away on active service, wives at a loose end and children undisciplined; and her Alises, Ansians, Erards and Eglantines are types that every "emergency" throws up. Remembering the "many wearinesses and misdeeds" that troubadours like Courte-Barbe strove to dispel with "fine phrases and good tales"—an aim modestly avowed by Scott himself—one regrets that our own age has seen fit to forgo one of the happiest prerogatives of the romantic imagination.

H. P. E.

#### Unions Then and Now

The first nineteen chapters of *British Trade Unions* (SAMPSON LOW, 7/6), which trace the origin and development of the unions and give a straightforward account of their structure, work and finance, are quite admirable. They make a most readable beginner's guide to a thorny subject and a suitable introduction to the more substantial works of G. D. H. Cole and the Webbs. The last chapter, however, is not so admirable. It attempts to deal with the all-important question of the future of the unions, but the treatment is so sketchy and timid and the author's lack of convictions is so thinly disguised—in spite of the heavy layer of platitudes—that the reader is left floundering and frustrated. In a way, of course, Mr. M. TURNER-SAMUELS' problem in this book is a miniature of the national dilemma. For more than a hundred years the trade unions have marched forward boldly with their goal bright and clear before them: now the goal has been reached and they stand irresolute and nervous, wondering what to do next. The weakness of this final chapter is not that Mr. TURNER-SAMUELS fails to point the way, but that he omits all mention of the dangers and difficulties along every route. There is nothing here about the impact of full employment and National

Insurance on the unions, nothing either for or against a national wages policy, and very little about the "direction" or re-deployment of labour, unofficial strikes or post-war developments in international unionism. A. B. H.

### "Old Teacher"

Mr. HAROLD B. RATTENBURY went in 1900, as a Methodist teacher, straight from college to the mission-field. *This is China* (MULLER, 15/-)—his sixth book—tells how he retraced in 1946-47 a journey of 1939-40, noting the constancy of the country under superficial changes. Apart from a bias which leads him to treat non-Methodist Christianity with less consideration than Taoism and Buddhism, his book is deliberately objective. He has, he says, no political axe to grind; but it is difficult to maintain a domestic outlook unless you maintain a political one, or to keep—as the author does—one foot in the traditional camp of scholarship, agriculture and crafts, and another in that of revolutionary students. Mr. RATTENBURY's respect and affection for the Chinese way is evident; and as "Old Teacher" he received respect and affection himself. He obviously prefers unemancipated women—and their beautiful photographs bear him out. Their self-effacement, he explains, went hand-in-hand with security and honour. Throughout his pages life and death are full of *joie de vivre*. There is always a picture of the "kitchen god" (or at least an inscription "The Kitchen God is Here") in every farmhouse; and brightly painted coffin planks are stored with pride by their owners against a long-deferred day of usage.

H. P. E.

### Delicate Relations

The novel with which Miss SYLVIA THOMPSON has broken a seven years' silence is, considered as a story, rather a tenuous affair. It covers only a few days, with the retrospective excursions which such economy in the time scheme makes almost inevitable, and though, during those days, one young woman decides not to commit suicide and another changes lovers, these are but marginal occurrences, with little bearing on the main argument: the salvation of Richard Lindsay, on the very brink of bliss, from the menace of an earlier indiscretion is the only emphasized central event. The *deus ex machina* who accomplishes this is Charlotte Graham, Richard's aunt and the mother of Rose Hawkins. Rose, her husband and her delightful children are presumably *The People Opposite* (JOSEPH, 8/6); for they live opposite, in Welkin Street, S.W., the suicidal lady and her unfaithful husband, sharing their house with a charming French *savant* on the top floor and a couple of squalid Bohemians in the basement. But it is Charlotte, active, sentimental and very young for a grandmother, living, like Richard, at the seaside and only visiting Welkin Street, who upholds the story; which is, once more, a little tenuous if undeniably attractive, a thing of delicate perceptions and refined emotions and nostalgias—a post-second-world-war story with a savour of the 'twenties, through which the shades of Virginia Woolf and Katherine Mansfield seem sometimes to be wandering; while, remote on Olympus, Henry James raises a guilty eyebrow at sentences which, in their convolutions, are not always quite so inevitable as his own.

F. B.

### Spacious Days

In *Pendellion* (METHUEN, 8/6) Miss MOYRA CHARLTON avoids most of the pitfalls that beset authors of historical novels for young people, though she cannot quite resist

Romance with the capital R that is becoming the hall-mark of people who write about the Elizabethans. The scene is set in 1583, when Venetia, the eleven-year-old heroine, meets Sir Philip Sidney and Mr. Walter Raleigh at her father's dinner-table. The portrait of Sidney is enchanting, and Raleigh is allowed a West Country accent. Later, when her father is imprisoned, Venetia and her brother are sent to stay in Cornwall, where, with their young hosts, they turn Malory's stories into a living game, and form a fellowship of the Round Table. Since they are real children, they are not nearly so "by-my-halidomish" as might be expected. Each character is clearly cut, and though chivalry burns bright and there is a good deal of bursting into song, we are treated (and in any historical romance this is a real treat) to sulks, jealousies, showings-off, quite tiresome mischief and generally undated human behaviour. Another excellent point is that these children do not inflict deeds of impossible prowess on the readers. The descriptions of scene and happening are excellent, we have a glimpse of famous ships in Plymouth, and the story is quite exciting enough to make adult readers, too, read straight through to the finish.

B. E. B.

Mr. BERNARD HOLLOWOOD, familiar to *Punch* readers as "Hod" and (less impenetrably disguised under his drawings) as "Hollowood," has given fresh proof of his versatility in two books published recently. *Poor Little Rich World* (NELSON, 3/6), with drawings by the author, explains in unconventionally simple and readable English those questions of production, of export, of the meaning of money, of nationalization and of incentives so freely and so ignorantly debated nowadays by amateur economists. *Pottery and Glass* (PENGUIN BOOKS, 2/6), which is No. 4 in the series "The Things We See," consists of a number of excellent photographs of modern domestic pottery and glass, with comments on their manufacture and design by Mr. HOLLOWOOD, who was at one time in charge of research at the Council of Industrial Design.



## The Radio Dramatist

X

WHEN the writer for the radio has had a few successes and has begun to establish himself in a modest way it is by no means unlikely that one morning he may find himself opening a note from the Governors of the B.B.C. It will not be a long note, for the Governors have no time to waste in beating about the bush, but we may be sure that the dramatist's heart will leap as he scans the curt message. Let us look over his shoulder.

"We want something about De Quincey. Home. 50 mins." (The reader must not assume that I myself have ever received such a note. My work is purely experimental. Nevertheless I have my sources of information, and I fancy that they are pretty reliable.) If the radio dramatist is wise he will first of all scan the note attentively to make quite sure that he has deciphered the words "De Quincey" correctly. The Governors, we must remember, are usually working at high pressure, and their notes are dashed off hurriedly, often during technical hitches. Yet they would be incensed, and with reason, if, expecting a colourful picture of Deganwy, they were confronted with a welter of political economy and crocodiles.

The next thing to be noted is that the work will be presented in the Home Service. This is important, since it indicates the Governors' wishes as regards treatment. For the Light Programme De Quincey would probably have to be depicted as the central figure in some sort of musical extravaganza, and his addiction to opium would no doubt be viewed in a humorous light. My knowledge of the requirements of the Third Programme is not great, but here I feel pretty sure that the dramatist would be expected to throw his work into blank verse form. The Home Service would demand a pithy and workmanlike account of De Quincey's opium debauches, the story being told by at least three voices of varying pitch. Great care would have to be taken to avoid giving the impression that the B.B.C. in any way approved of De Quincey's attitude towards opium.

If it fell to my lot to attempt a work of this nature I should begin, after a brief introduction, at the time when De Quincey first takes opium, thus:

*De Quincey.* In the spring or autumn of 1804 I happened to be in London. I was enjoying my visit and

everything was going well when suddenly—

*First Voice.* Rheumatism!

*Second Voice.* Of the face!

*Third Voice.* Torment!

*De Quincey.* I had arranged a small party consisting of Wordsworth, Coleridge and a Mr. Brunell. Wordsworth I was particularly anxious to impress. But when the day came—

*Wordsworth.* I would use a line of four stressed syllables—"I took my cat upon my lap—"

*De Quincey.* Oooooooooaaaaah!

*Coleridge.* Oh, come, Wordsworth, don't you think you're rather wasting yourself on these animal vignettes? Surely—

*De Quincey.* Oooooooooaaaaah!

(Hurried footsteps are heard, and a door slams.)

*Wordsworth.* Really, De Quincey has contributed nothing at all to the conversation! I shall think twice before I come here again.

(Wailing music is heard, and a muffled throb of drums.)

*First Voice.* One week!

*De Quincey.* Oooooooooaaaaah!

*Second Voice.* Two weeks!

*De Quincey.* Oooooooooaaaaah!

*Third Voice.* Three weeks!

*De Quincey.* I think it was on the twenty-first day that I went out into the streets. I happened to meet Coleridge and told him of my trouble—

*Coleridge.* It is not generally known that the effort of holding the lower jaw in place deleteriously affects the lower facial muscles unless they can be thoroughly relaxed in sleep. I recommend opium. A few fragments, taken last thing at night—

*First Voice.* And so, some weeks later—

*De Quincey.* It is in strict conformity with the principle of justice that representation and taxation should accompany one another as correlated rights and duties.

*Wordsworth.* Bravo, De Quincey! Admirably expressed! I don't know when I have spent a more entertaining evening.

*De Quincey's Mind.* Thanks to Coleridge—and opium!

The device of introducing a character's thoughts into the dialogue is a favourite of mine and I often find it of great value. In this case it enables me to let the audience hear De Quincey's reaction to his success, and yet I avoid the awkwardness of making him blurt the whole thing out in front of Wordsworth. The line should of

course be delivered in a hissing whisper.

It might be, of course, that the Governors would quibble at the bold line taken in dragging Wordsworth and Coleridge into the story, since De Quincey had at this time made the acquaintance of neither. If so, other names could be substituted without much inconvenience. Enough has been said to give some idea of the method to be adopted in work of this kind.

## Book Review

"DANGLE

My heart

On a thread

Dangle

dingle

Dang-

le

on a thread, my heart, O beloved."

The opening of this great poetic cycle of the heart\* leaps to the eye, like a sword flung from the pool of cosmic desire. The red-hot whiteness, the "exteriorization," the hard core of Reality, of Being—we might almost say "Being being"—is an emotional experience unparalleled in modern literature. It bites. Hard.

The metaphysical and religious orientation of the heart is rare in the extroversion of the British psyche. One thought it was dead, but there is a wider symbolism in the poet's realization that it will not lie down. It cannot. Never. As Mr. Pottys says in his *Arrival and Arrivals*: "We have... arrived... (and) we shall... stay."

In the collocation and juxtaposition of the two mirrors of the unrealized Reality the death of the heart is seen within the eternal paradox of man as a microcosm and (as it were) under a microscope. He is small. Not large.

"We are small

Shut

But

We shall grow in the carpeting stillness of the all-conquering heart."

There is consolation here indeed, but bitter consolation for a world so lost in decaying values. But will the world heed it?—for, as Mr. Pottys says:

"We are done, done done

Quite done

Under

done."

There is power without lack of penetration in that fragment from an unfinished poem; vulgarly we might

\* *November of the Heart*, by John Pottys (Gerrup, 1/6).





"How long will it take to convert this back into my naval greatcoat?"

call it beefy, of beef. Strong but not stringy.

In his earlier notes, especially:

"I hung my heart on tatters over the Moon-slung sky,"

there is a certain flabbiness; the symbolism is clear and understandable; he suffered from the "Crowd crying cries," as he put it. His work sold and one feared that he too might have pawned what he calls:

"The heart  
Hurrying like a hart  
Over artless wilds."

Can we not, in parenthesis, notice something of Langland there?—No, perhaps we cannot. It does not really matter. It is of little moment beside his message:

"Flung  
like dung  
Among the swine that will not under  
Stand alone O my heart."

The symbolism of the heart, one may

notice (as did Peppyer with his exquisite perception), occurs more than once. He has given it, one feels, a richer and deeper expression—loosening his libido on the world like a torrent, for those who can understand. It symbolizes so much—indeed too many things for the critic to note in so short a review—but the general play of the symbolism can be found for those who have lived it. Volume 14 of the *Golden Bough* I have found helpful in one or two passages. But to every reader it must be an individual quest, humbly, into "the golden solitude of another crowded empty heart."

And at the end of the journey? What shall we find? Not the empty message of to-day, but a wider, broader consciousness of values, of mechanomorphicism when applied to the fully conscious (*sic*) Soul. The soul Aware. I can put it no simpler. Perhaps the beginning and the ending

are the same, for with Johyn Pottys there is no beginning and the ending is endless—precisely because it has never finished. The eternal Now is all that his awareness understands, or, for that matter, comprehends:

"Now

Now

No  
Time. Gentlemen, please,  
The song of the spheres reiterat-  
ing in silence."

The answer can be found, perhaps, in Shakespeare; but it is Pottys who has, three hundred years later, posed, we might almost say "popped," the question:

"How, how, how  
Oh, now . . ."

The answer from the silence of three hundred years:

"Alas, poor Yorick!"  
(Abridged from "The Little Literary Review.")

## Changing the Coal Merchant

ON the first of May, I read with excitement, I shall be allowed to change my coal merchant.

It is an opportunity that I may find more attractive than he. At the moment he is about forty years of age, Harris by name, tall, rather gaunt, soberly but neatly dressed, and, I imagine, fabulously rich. If he does want to be changed I can alter some of his characteristics for him without much trouble; I can urge him to grow a beard, or to wear check shirts and green corduroy trousers, or to give all his money to charity and his motor-car to me. There is nothing I can do, by taking thought, advice or patent medicines, to add a cubit to his stature or six inches to his waistline, and he will have to accept that.

Mr. Gaitskell's announcement gives me no guidance in my conduct if, in spite of my desire to change him, my coal merchant decides that he is perfectly well off as he is; but I understand that in those circumstances I shall now be free to go off and look for another coal merchant.

Now there are several ways of choosing a new coal merchant. Most people will be inclined to look for a man who will supply them with more coal, or with better coal, than their present dealer, or who will supply it quicker. I am lucky enough to be able to disregard all these mundane considerations, as I never use coal and am only registered with a coal merchant at all because someone in an office somewhere told me I had to be; so I am at liberty to give my imagination free rein when the first of May comes round.

I might, for example, choose one for his name. Charles Lamb wrote that a

man with a name like Cloudesley Shovel was inevitably predestined for greatness; and if I could find a coal merchant called Cloudesley Shovel and Co. I should take my custom there forthwith. That is perhaps too much to ask for; but fortune may throw me in the way of a Taratooty, a M'Ostrich, or (if I ever register in Burma) an Oona Ravena Mana Oona Moona Soona Pana Letchumanan Chettiar, and to them will I take my trade.

Or one might do worse than select a coal merchant because of his private character. Once there was a coalman in Clerkenwell called Thomas Britton who had a loft over his coal-shed where the nobility and gentry used to repair to listen to Handel and Pepusch and other musical celebrities of the day. Mr. Britton's firm, I am sorry to see, is no longer in the Telephone Directory; but if anyone knows of a coal merchant within ten miles of Piccadilly who gives concerts, or paints pictures, or collects Sèvres china, or breeds Siamese cats, I shall be delighted to inscribe my name on his books.

That is the advantage you get from being independent of the actual necessity of getting coal in your cellar. The painters of the end of last century and the beginning of this one "liberated" painting, first from the tyranny of representational colouring, and afterwards from the even stricter tyranny of mere pictorial representationalism (or so I read recently in a learned work on the subject). I, in my turn, have liberated the coal merchant from the tyranny of having to supply me with coal. What I am after is a coal merchant with eyes of different colours, or one who can walk on his hands, or

who runs three enormous motor-cars, or who plays cricket for his county, or whose eldest son went to gaol for piracy on the high seas.

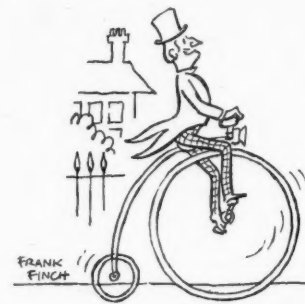
Punctilious people will argue that if that is all I want there is no need for me to have a coal merchant at all; but they miss the whole point of my search. Anyone can have a friend—say a company director—who played cricket for his county or runs three motor-cars; but very few people are in the position of being able to say, casually, at a cocktail party, for instance: "My coalman is lending his collection of Picassos to the British Council to take on a touring exhibition of the South Sea Islands"; or, when the subject of men with six fingers on each hand crops up, can remark in a blasé fashion, "Of course, I'm quite used to it, because my coalman has seven."

True, it need not essentially be a coal merchant. It could just as well be a bank manager or a charwoman or the boy who delivers the greengroceries. But then no one is inviting me to change the boy who delivers the greengroceries on the first of May. If they do, mothers of boys who can ride bicycles backwards or make zabaglione or recite the whole of "The Waste Land" from memory should not hesitate to write to me; or at any rate to my greengrocer.

"A dog jumped on to the track at Highgate Underground station to-day. He wagged his tail as a Northbound train moved off and dashed into the tunnel just a few yards ahead.

The train was held up for three minutes. No trace of it was found. It had evidently raced through the tunnel and run off the line where it is at ground level."—*Evening paper.*

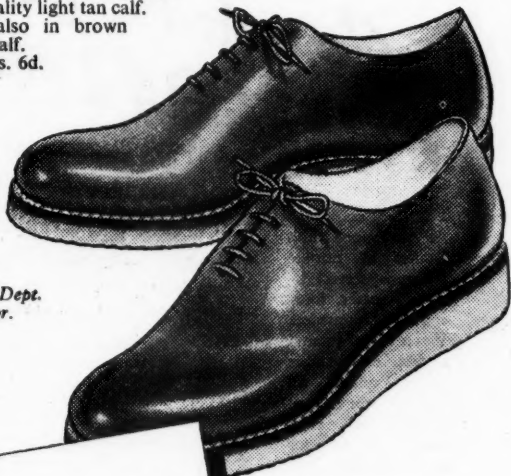
And the dog?



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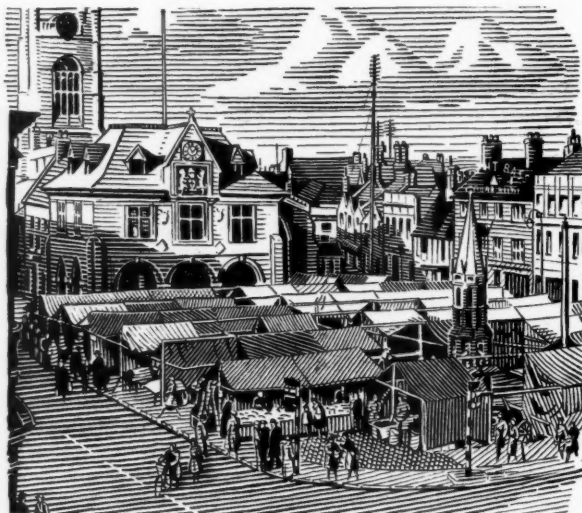
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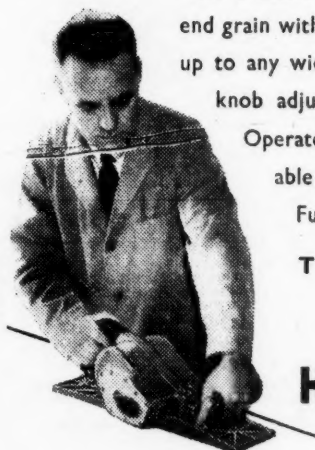
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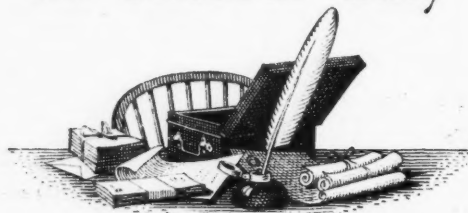
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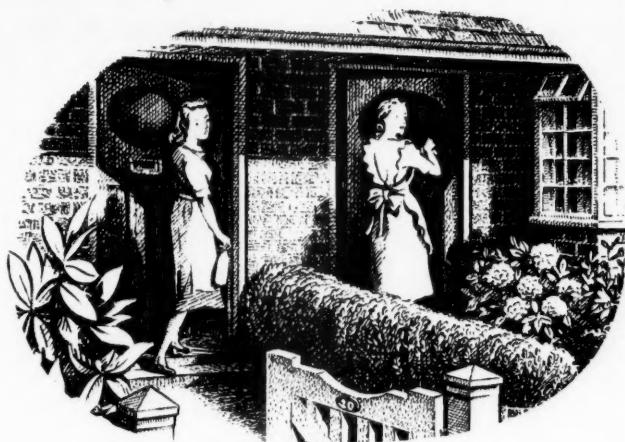
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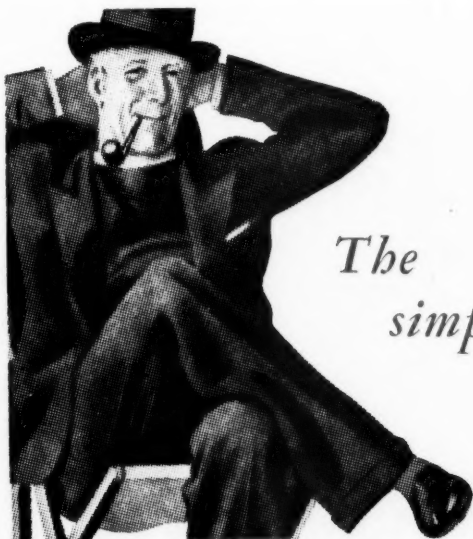
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